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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1912.

The Week

"Acquisition of the telegraph lines of the United States by the Government and their operation as a part of the postal service will be recommended to Congress in a short time by Postmaster-General Hitchcock"—such is the statement given out by the Postmaster-General or in his name, as if it were the function of the Postmaster-General to make recommendations to Congress. The White House explanation of this amazing pronunciamento explains nothing, but will deepen the impression that our good-natured Administration takes life much too easily. The Postmaster-General had, it appears, discussed this question of Government ownership a year or so ago with the President, and Mr. Taft seems to have liked it, but waved it aside then—there were so many other pressing questions. Now Mr. Hitchcock, who is not without a keen sense of what creates public discussion, throws out this radical suggestion without having again touched upon it with the President, because he had to leave town suddenly and forgot to give orders to have the matter withheld until his return! It is idle to stress the situation thus disclosed. But it must be maddening to all friends of the President that the many fine things Mr. Taft has accomplished, his steadfast refusal to desist from enforcing the laws impartially and without regard to persons, his rigid abstaining from working for his own profit, are so often obscured by just such happenings as this—to the joy of his political enemies and his false friends.

As to the proposition itself, the vast addition that the scheme would make to the army of Federal employees would, not very long ago, have constituted, in the minds of all sober thinkers, a fatal objection to it. If it is now entitled to serious discussion, this can only be because the progress of the merit system in the Federal service has lessened incalculably the dangers of the power of appointment. But over against this admission must be placed several considerations which point in the opposite direction. One is the vast increase in the scale of the telegraph operations, especially when the connection with the telephone is considered. Another is the benefits that have actually come from the competition of two systems. Still another lies in the fact that an alternative exists in the extension of the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission to cover telegraphs and telephones. And finally, so far as concerns the old objection to increase of Government functions and enlargement of the possibilities of patronage and political control, one may concede that it has not now the same kind of force as in the old days of the spoils system, without at all admitting that it is no longer of serious importance.

That was not a bad point which Gov. Harmon made in his speech at East St. Louis last Friday, coupling the McKinley tariff act with the Sherman Anti-Trust act. These two acts were passed at the same session of Congress, and the McKinley act, as Mr. Harmon says, went far beyond earlier laws in the bestowal of special favors. But the Republican leaders, he declares, "did not dare to face the country on it without a law to prevent the stifling of competition, from which great benefits were promised to the people." Whether there was historically so close a political connection between the enactment of the one law and the other may be doubted; but it cannot be doubted that the tariff system of which the McKinley act marked a culminating point was the potent breeder of the monopolistic combinations for which the Sherman act was designed to furnish a remedy. And Gov. Harmon is justified, too, in pointing out—what is so often and so strangely forgotten—that it was in Mr. Cleveland's Administration that the first victories of the Anti-Trust law were won in the Supreme Court; namely, those in the Trans-Missouri case, in the Joint Traffic case, and in the Addyston Pipe case. "It appeared," he adds, "not to be the policy of the succeeding Administration to proceed further against such concerns." In these days of multitudinous progressive stirrings, it is only fair to the men of a less noisy time to remember that it was the stolid Cleveland and his Attorney-General, this same Mr. Harmon, who first put the Anti-Trust law into successful operation.

Much of the popular interest in the Supreme Court's decisions of Monday relating to the Employers' Liability act will attach to the circumstance that they included a reversal of Judge Baldwin's decision in the Connecticut case which gave rise to the famous controversy between the veteran jurist and Col. Roosevelt. But while that result is itself important, affirming as it does the duty of State courts to assume the task of carrying out the requirements of Federal laws—provided, of course, that they are Constitutional—even when they conflict with the policies embodied in the State's legal system, yet the greatest significance of the decisions is to be found in other aspects of them. The power of Congress to regulate the agencies of interstate commerce is affirmed in the most sweeping and emphatic language; and short work is made of the sanctity of the common-law fellow-servant principle. No person, the Court declares, has a "vested interest in any rule of the common law"; and Congress is not in the least obliged to take into account the question whether the co-employee to whose fault the injury may have been due was engaged in work of interstate commerce or not. The decisions will be received with hearty satisfaction by right-minded persons generally, without distinction of party, economic opinion, or station in life.

Senator Lorimer explained to the Senate Investigating Committee last Friday that he was the victim of a conspiracy. Gov. Deneen and the Chicago *Tribune*, it seems, made a "frame-up" against him; the bribery dynamite was not genuine, but "planted" by his persecutors. The Committee will doubtless give due weight to his testimony upon this point, but it will at the same time, we fear, share the desire of the country for more specific information from the Senator concerning the charges against him. There is a persistent feeling, which Mr. Lorimer apparently does not understand, that the fundamental issue in his case is whether or not his high office was obtained by bribery.

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There are indications at Albany which both Old Guard leaders in the Republican Assembly and Tammany agents in the Democratic Senate would do well to heed. In both houses and in both parties there is an insistent demand for measures that will strengthen the defective direct primary bill passed at the last session. With the two houses differing in political complexion, partisan legislation is out of the question. Speaker Merritt therefore voices a widely popular desire when he declares for the passage of the departmental and appropriation bills and an immediate adjournment. But it is clear that he has adopted the short-session slogan for the purpose of shutting off amendments to the primary law and other progressive legislation. The Tammany leaders, with their fingers crossed, will put in bills carrying out the Governor's meagre recommendations for relief. Beyond that they will not go. It is right here that a vigorous assertion of their legislative prerogatives by the more independent members in both parties may prove effective.

Week after week we study our well-written, well-edited, well-printed, and well-bound copy of the *Outlook* and wonder who does it all. It cannot be the Contributing Editor, because he is busy receiving visitors who come to interview him about the Chinese situation, the prospects of grand opera in English, the canals on Mars, and other delightfully interesting topics of the day. It cannot be the Chief Editor, because he is busy explaining just what the Contributing Editor did mean and did not mean at last night's dinner or in this morning's letter in the newspapers. It cannot be the Managing Editor, because he is busy setting straight certain wrong impressions regarding the Contributing Editor's business plans after March 4, 1913. It cannot be the Literary Editor, because he is busy reconciling his own views on English style with those of the Contributing Editor. So the mystery remains: Who does get out the *Outlook*, week after week, well written, well edited, well printed, and well bound?

Princeton University is to be congratulated on the satisfactory settlement of its long-standing problem of the presidency. Like Dr. Finney, to whom the post was offered a few months ago, Professor Hibben is a Princeton man, and one who is both liked and esteemed by the great body of its alumni and students, as well as by the Faculty. Although he took sides in the recent controversies concerning the "quad" system and the graduate school, it appears that both parties in these divisions are satisfied with the choice of Professor Hibben. Entering upon his duties at the age of fifty, and after a familiarity with the affairs of the university acquired during twenty years' connection with its teaching staff, President Hibben has before him the prospect of distinguished service in the development of one of the foremost of American institutions of learning. With the preceptorial system introduced by President Wilson as a distinguishing feature, and with the graduate school about to be developed as the result of a liberal endowment, there is material in the Princeton situation for much effective thinking and planning.

Following the example of Chicago, Cleveland has placed a woman at the head of its school system. Miss Harriet L. Keeler, who has been nearly forty years in the service of the city schools, is now to have entire charge of them, and the Board of Education's selection seems to meet with universal approval. At least we have yet to see a complaint that this is taking manhood out of the schools and dangerously feminizing them. The Cleveland newspapers, on the other hand, have called attention to the fact that Miss Keeler is the sixth woman to take office in Cleveland. Of the others, the most interesting is Miss Mildred Chadsey, who is chief of the sanitary police. Why not? As Miss Chadsey puts it: "It's a housekeeper's job. I am only a housekeeper on a large scale." But a few years ago the suggestion that a woman should be a policeman would have roused the interest only of writers of comic-opera librettos. The other Cleveland women officials are connected with outdoor relief, the school board, and the library. The Cleveland *Leader* lays the responsibility for these new officials at the door of the suffragists and the Men's League for Women's Suffrage.

The public is becoming familiar of late with the excluded reporter. The public reads, for instance:

> At this point the speaker requested that all reporters be excluded from the room. This was done and the speaker then went on to say,

etc., through a long and detailed transcription of the remarks which the reporters were banned from. How did the account get into print, one wonders. Did the banished newspaper man, thrust out at the door, return through the window accompanied by seven other newspaper men worse than himself? A distinguished statesman addresses six hundred diners and no reporters, and discovers to his horror that his remarks have got into print. A Senatorial committee goes into executive session and decides this, that, and the other thing. (See the newspaper columns of the day.) The Socialists call a party meeting at Cooper Union for the threshing out of questions of party policy. The public, including the reporters, is excluded, but the Socialist *Call* next morning publishes an account of the debates that were not meet for common ears. What sense is there in the practice? The news comes out anyhow, and it only subjects private individuals to the peril of an Ananias Club election, instead of leaving it to the men with whom that danger is part of the day's work.

> There is only one thing which the Filipinos ask of the United States, and that is, to free them from all foreign intervention. This is the only thing which will make them a prosperous and happy people.

In these words, published in the *Independent*, Dr. Quezon, Resident Commissioner from the Philippines to the United States, answers the question which we find ourselves asking somewhat uneasily from time to time: Are the Filipinos contented under American control? The Commissioner gives point to his answer by quoting Webster's words regarding the impossibility of contentment under foreign rule, "no matter how lightly it sits upon the shoulders." Nor does he stop with generalities. Our Constitution, he suggests, was not framed for alien subjects, and the constant ebb and flow of our politics precludes the development of wise administrators, the men having to do with the Philippines being recalled just as they are becoming familiar with the conditions of their task. He even refuses us the satisfaction of thinking that the Filipinos

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are so much better off under us than they were under Spain that they cannot reasonably aspire to the management of their own affairs. It is the Filipinos, he reminds us, who are paying for their schools and roads, not merely by taxes, but to some extent by voluntary popular contributions, and he goes so far as to say that a large part of the credit for the improvement in the islands is due to the enthusiastic coöperation of the Filipinos, who took the American side in 1898 because "they had been led to believe that the independence which they had all but achieved from Spain would be recognized by the United States after the war was over."

Henry Labouchere never figured among the great statesmen of his time, was not intimately associated in the public mind with the origination or the passage of any epoch-making measure; he was commonly regarded, by those who knew him not, as a sort of amusing and irresponsible Robin Goodfellow, with an infinite capacity for mischief of every kind, whereas, in reality, for all his flippancy, cynicism, and extravagance, he was one of the shrewdest politicians of his day, with a remarkable grasp of all the different phases of the great problems of the time. It was as an independent force, a free-lance riding atilt at every imaginable abuse, or what he deemed an abuse, that he achieved the notoriety and the popularity which accompanied him during the greater part of his career. But it was not only in attack that he could be many-sided. The purely human element in him was strong. He was a lover of his kind as well as the satirist of it, and he was as much the indefatigable champion of worthy charities as he was the inveterate and deadly foe of every variety of sham and humbug.

In many circles Labouchere's death—which, at his age, however, cannot be called untimely—will leave a great void. Clubland has lost a gossip of the brightest and cheeriest and most informing kind; general society a charming host and fascinating guest; music, the theatre, and the arts an experienced and discerning critic; and his journalistic subordinates a most inspiring chief. He will long be remembered in London life as a finished specimen of the man of the world—polished, accomplished, cynical, knowing life in all its deeps and shallows, and yet retaining a certain freshness of heart which made him the champion of the poor and oppressed and the kindliest friend of sick and suffering children. Nowhere will the exit of "Labby" be more deplored than in the hospitals, where thousands of crippled children for many years have been made happy at Christmas by the fruits of the annual *Truth* Doll Show. The world could better have spared many a greater man.

Sir Edward Grey's management of British foreign policy is severely assailed from within the ranks of his own party. The Radical element is opposed to the whole-hearted way in which the Foreign Secretary threw himself on the side of France during the recent Morocco crisis. That opening, however, does not promise much for attack, because the majority of the nation is undoubtedly content with the outcome of the Franco-German negotiations. Hence the malcontents have directed their fire against Sir Edward's policy in Persia, and there they unquestionably have excellent reasons for complaint. It is supposed that the British Foreign Secretary has been anxious to retain Russia's friendship as an important factor in the general European situation. But whatever may have been his motives, Sir Edward has placed Great Britain in a most unhappy position in Persia. He has made her a partner of Russia in the shameful assault upon Persian independence, and has been driven into virtually admitting that the treaty with Russia of four years ago, in which the two Powers delimited their spheres of interest in Persia, was, in effect, a treaty of partition. Sir Edward Grey has not even the consolation that there was profit in the crime against Persia. The partitioning of that empire brings England and Russia face to face along hundreds of miles of frontier, a condition of menace which British policy has for years been trying to avoid.

The report that a large sum, approximating half a million dollars, has been given by a wealthy Jewish resident of British India for the purpose of establishing a university at Jerusalem, calls attention to the changed aspect of Jewish aspirations with regard to Palestine during the last few years. The precise date of such a change may be given as the overthrow of Abdul Hamid II and the establishment of a Constitutional régime in Turkey. For the Ottoman Empire at large the change was a blessing; but the Zionist movement suffered badly. Under Abdul Hamid II it did seem at one time as if the Porte's consent might be obtained to the establishment of a partially autonomous Jewish "state" in the Holy Land; that was the "political Zionism" favored by the founder of the movement, Dr. Theodor Herzl. But with the advent of the Young Turks and their ambition to consolidate and strengthen the Empire, the addition of another autonomous people to the welter of races with which the Government had to contend became impossible. Political Zionism has lost its hold upon the Jewish people of late. The majority of Zionists are now in favor of a peaceful conquest of the Holy Land by means of Jewish colonization, industrial development, and the creation of just such cultural centres as a university at Jerusalem would constitute.

The success of the Socialists in the elections for the German Reichstag has not been beyond widely-entertained expectations, but it has been sufficient deeply to disappoint the conservative parties. Just what the membership of the party will be in the new Reichstag cannot be known until after the holding of the second elections, in no less than 122 of which Socialist candidates are concerned. But it is already certain that the party will go beyond its high-water mark in the Imperial Parliament; and the popular vote, as shown in the first elections, is far beyond precedent. Just what the gains made by the Social Democrats at the expense of the National Liberals and the Radicals may mean will also probably be more apparent after the second elections are held; on the face of the matter, it seems to signify a crystallization of anti-conservative sentiment in favor of the most extreme party in the field. The one thing which, to a distant observer, seems most certain—not only as a showing of this election, but as evidenced by the whole story of German politics—is that in so far as the social-reform policies of the last decade or more have been inspired by the hope of checking the growth of the Socialist, or Social-Democratic, party, they have proved as ineffective as was the old policy of repression.

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THE ARBITRATION COMPROMISE.

Differing interpretations have been put upon the proviso which Senator Lodge reported to the Senate last Thursday, covering the ratification of the pending treaties of universal arbitration with Great Britain and France. In effect, it states that the Senate agrees to approve the treaties on the understanding that the American members of the Joint High Commission shall be appointed by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and also that the Senate shall have full right to pass upon any special agreement proposed by the said Commission. All this is said by some to take the vitality out of the treaties, and the President's acceptance of the proviso is affirmed by them to be a surrender. On one point, Mr. Taft has never made any difficulty. He has always been ready to make his appointments to the Joint High Commission subject to approval by the Senate. With the other matter it is different, and the report that the President has acquiesced in it "reluctantly" may well be believed. In his address before the American Bar Association last August, he declared that he was "most anxious" that the Joint High Commission should be left in the treaties just as it was, the reason being that he desired to get a "binding effect."

The question now is whether the binding effect is seriously impaired by the Lodge proviso. It must be remembered that this puts upon the treaties only an interpretation which many contended from the first necessarily inhered in them. This was Secretary Knox's view originally. And he now stands by the opinion that the treaty never contemplated taking away from the Senate the power to disapprove any special agreement for arbitration. This was also the contention of the minority report of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. And if we pass from Constitutional theory to the probable facts in practice, there is every reason to agree with what Senator Burton said in his separate report urging the ratification of the treaties as they stood, namely:

> It is practically impossible that the Senate would ever have occasion to refuse its approval of the arbitration of a question which the Commission of Inquiry has reported to be within the scope of Article I of the treaty. The treaty provides ample safeguards against any such possibility. In the first place, the question must be reported for arbitration by a vote of all or all but one of the members of the joint commission, one-half of the membership of which commission must be appointed by a President in whose opinion such question is not properly subject to arbitration under the treaties. In the second place, it is within the power of the Senate to insist upon amendments to special agreements submitting questions to arbitration under Article I, by virtue of which power the Senate can determine the character and composition of the tribunal to which the question is to be referred. In like manner the Senate may also define the scope of the powers of the arbitrators and the question or questions at issue; it may settle the terms of reference and fix the procedure. In other words, the Senate has the power in any case to remake by amendment the terms of the special agreement and to make its approval and consent conditional upon the acceptance of such terms.

These aspects of the treaties are confessedly debatable and must perhaps remain in a degree of uncertainty. But there are other things not open to doubt, features in the treaties which, if the Senate consents to their ratification, will represent a great positive achievement and a marked step in advance. We have, in the first place, the explicit undertaking to settle by arbitration or judicial decision "all differences," which are in their nature "justiciable," that may arise. None of the old tricking exceptions are made—questions of "honor" or "vital interest," under which, of course, every controversy could be brought at the pleasure of either side. To-day we have the inspiring example of three great nations willing to bind themselves to adjust *all* disagreements without recourse to arms. This is the chief progress marked by the treaties, and this remains, irrespective of any question about the machinery or the methods by which the solemn pledge is to be carried into effect. Moreover, there is a provision in Article II which is unaffected by any of the discussions about the mode of interpretation or ratifying proviso, and which is by itself of great value. We mean the stipulation for the delay of one year, at the request of either party, in case there is a dispute and a failure to agree upon the terms under which it is to be submitted to the Joint High Commission. This period is designed to afford time for further diplomatic discussion, but it also affords time for hot spirits to cool off. If such an agreement had existed between the United States and Spain in 1898, there can be little reasonable doubt that Spain would, in the end, have consented peacefully to evacuate Cuba.

From the beginning, it has been the moral and humane importance of the treaties that has elicited such enthusiastic support. About the legal details people have not so much cared. Three powerful nations are agreeing to make war among them so unlikely that it can be dismissed from the reckonings of prudent men; this is the thing—this magnanimous gesture of international peace—which has so strongly appealed to men of good will everywhere, and has brought to President Taft, for his initiative in the great work, the deserved plaudits of the best in the land. And we think it can confidently be said that this greatest influence of the treaties will not be seriously affected by the method now proposed of ratifying them. If once put in force, they will be not only a bulwark of peace between the nations directly affected, but an inspiring model for all the world to follow.

SLIGHTED NEW YORK.

In selecting Baltimore as Convention city, the Democratic National Committee seemed to take special pains despitefully to use New York. It chose a seaboard city, thus ignoring the argument of Chicago, St. Louis, and Denver that any one of them would be "central" and convenient, but turned a deaf ear to the plea of New York that, if any Eastern city at all was to be designated, New York should be the place. In fact, this city got just one vote—that of her own committeeman. The whole enthusiastic campaign to bring the Convention here—which every sensible man knew from the start was doomed to failure—thus issued in a rejection which was almost an affront. The State which has the most delegates and the most electoral votes, the great Democratic city with the largest and most numerous hotels and a fine Convention hall, which was ready to guarantee all expenses, had the mortification of being left as a wallflower while Baltimore was invited to dance.

So far as Democratic politics entered into this humiliation of New York, the reasoning of the National Committee is both obvious and sound. The passing over of New York was a plain shrinking from the shadow of Tammany. To hold the Convention here would be recklessly to invite the charge that it was under the blighting domination of Mur-

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phy. The strongest and most confident party in the world could not afford to run that risk; for the Democrats needlessly to incur it, fighting their way back to respectability as they are, would be madness. This is really an old story. The dislike and fear of Tammany are deeply rooted in the hearts of the Democrats of the country. Indeed, for years past Tammany delegates to National Conventions, as they themselves have bitterly complained, have been looked upon with suspicion and aversion. "Great is Tammany, and Croker is its prophet!" cried Mr. Bryan in one of his speeches at the Wigwam, but this was only one proof more that he did not understand the true sentiment of his party. Before the National Committee, the heralded "backing" of Murphy for the effort to get the Convention for New York amounted to a single vote. It was the first opportunity to slap Tammany in the face, and it was seized upon.

This is, of course, not the whole of it. In both parties there is observable just now a marked unwillingness to appear to be identified, in either policies or candidates, with New York. If a possible nominee for the Presidency can somehow be dubbed the favorite of Wall Street, both he and his friends feel instant alarm, while his enemies are filled with glee. It should seem that to this city had suddenly been assigned the position of "a malefactor of great wealth," and that ostracism had been decreed for it by the apprehensive politicians of both parties. It is known, for example, that the friends of Gov. Harmon have discouraged anything like an organized movement for him here. A Democratic candidate might be glad to have the New York delegation swing over to him in the end, but would feel that approval by Tammany in advance would be well-nigh fatal. In the other party, there is a similar offishness. Those close to the President are remarking with much satisfaction upon the evidences of Wall Street hostility to Mr. Taft. They think it will help both in nominating and electing him. It is intimated here and there that Wall Street would look with a kindly eye upon the Colonel again, which may be explained by a desire to harm him with professed favor. Once bitten, twice shy, is a proverb that is valid in Wall Street; where it is well understood that, if Mr. Roosevelt got a chance again, he would do unutterable things to what he used to call with scorn "that little speck on the map."

Things were not ever thus. It used to be a great asset for a party or a candidate to be on good terms with "the solid business interests of the country." Political managers were wont to take the first train for New York in order to see to the sinews of war. That part of it will probably not be omitted this year. Pilgrims from afar will doubtless visit the metropolis furtively to seek campaign funds; and emissaries from party committees will not demand proof that money is not "tainted" before they consent to accept it. Yet the present political attitude towards New York, taken as a whole, represents a great change. Instead of being eagerly courted, she is ostentatiously avoided. More wealthy than ever, with more votes at command and seemingly with greater political power than ever, New York is slighted. The cold shoulder turned upon her by the Democratic National Committee is only typical of the political treatment she is receiving from all sides. All this is one item more for John Adams's famous "incomprehensibles" of New York politics. It is not, however, so very incomprehensible when you stop to think of it!

PRICE-REGULATION BY GOVERNMENT.

Mr. Carnegie's advocacy, as an alternative to prosecution against the Trusts, of a Government commission to fix maximum prices in manufacturing industry, is interesting chiefly because it accords with the similar (and, we may add, the equally vague) proposal of Chairman Gary of the Steel Corporation. We suppose that many readers of these two proposals will resort to some such explanation as this: Both Judge Gary and Mr. Carnegie are interested in the Steel Trust's perpetuation, the dissolution of the Trust is threatened, they recognize that the power of the Trust over prices, and especially Judge Gary's repudiation of supply and demand as a regulator of prices, are prejudicial to the case of the Trust, and both, therefore, accept as the lesser evil the idea of arbitrary Government regulation. But we do not wish to base our examination of the matter on any presumption of self-interest. The idea of Federal regulation of prices of Trust-controlled products is not confined to the Chairman of the Steel Trust or the principal holder of its bonds. It is advocated, more or less obscurely, by a number of other people who are disturbed by the policy of suing for dissolution of such industrial combinations as the Steel Trust—among them, Mr. Roosevelt.

Before discussing the merits of this contention it may be well to say a word of the status of the anti-Trust litigation. Observant people are aware that the Supreme Court decisions of last spring in some respects shifted the ground from the Northern Securities decision of 1904. The Oil and Tobacco Trusts were ordered to dissolve, not only because their form of organization was such as to promote restraint of trade, but because the testimony showed them to have restrained trade by overt and proven acts. Northern Securities, on the other hand, was dissolved in spite of its counsel's undisputed contention that the holding company had performed no overt act whatever, beyond receiving and disbursing dividends. But the majority opinions of the Court of 1904 insisted strongly on the fact of potential monopoly and restraint. The deciding opinion in that case was indeed avowedly based on admission of counsel that the same machinery which Northern Securities had used to buy up two competing railways might conceivably be utilized to place under control of three or four individuals all the railways of the country.

At the time, the decision was greeted by thinking men as the most important of all possible barriers to the ambitions and aspirations of the excited industrial promoters of 1899 and 1901. The service rendered by the law of 1890, in that highly critical period of our industrial and social history, would be difficult to exaggerate—this quite regardless of the familiar criticism, repeated in the Tobacco case, that the same people owned the disintegrated parts as had owned the whole. Every man of the slightest business experience knew that, whatever might happen in the competitive field in the next few months or years, the dream of a self-perpetuating, self-extending, and self-enforcing corporate monopoly was at an end. But it was only ended on the presumption that the law would continue to be enforced.

Is it, then, to be said that the Anti-Trust law, having stopped the extremely dangerous possibilities or probabilities

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of the system, has done its work, and should give way to a plan of Government supervision? The answer involves an inquiry into the probable workings of that plan itself. To the extremely vague suggestions of Judge Gary and Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Carnegie adds the definite proposal that the Government should fix maximum prices every month. We very strongly doubt if these eminent advocates of the plan, much less the general business public, have fairly considered what this thing would mean. It is the fashion to point comfortably to the authority over railway rates, now possessed under the law by the Interstate Commerce Commission. But this function is to the plan proposed by Mr. Carnegie as simple arithmetic is to integral calculus. The American railway system has, on the one hand, grown to be something very much like a natural monopoly; on the other hand, the principles underlying the fixing of rates involve a comparatively easy problem.

The instant such authority is thrust into manufacturing industry, a thousand complicating considerations will intrude. Location, experience, access to raw material, invention, practice of economies, capacity for specializing—every one of these influences, and a vast number of others, affect the question of the legitimate price, and affect it in a score or more of industries wholly different from one another. Supposing, what we should be very slow to concede, that a commission adequate to pass on all these conflicting problems could be formed, what is to be said of the courts which must pass on the justice of the commissioners' yearly or monthly or daily schedules? For, let it be observed, the whole world-wide realm of trade, finance, and economics must be called upon to decide what are the circumstances making a given price in a given industry at a given moment just or not. To our mind, the easy-going proposals of Mr. Carnegie and Judge Gary run pretty close to copying the most obnoxious fallacy of the extreme Socialistic school—that we need only confer on Government the power of saying a given arbitrary schedule in trade, finance, industry, or production is right, and it will be right.

That their further argument—to the effect that dissolution of the Trusts will leave industry subject to the rule of "destructive competition," with resultant survival of the fittest or most powerful, and reëstablishment of monopoly—may require some consideration by itself, we are not prepared to deny. President Taft himself has said, in his message of last December, that he can "see decided advantages in the enactment of a law which shall describe and denounce methods of competition which are unfair." The power of concentrated capital may conceivably, in these days, be used for such purposes, through cutting prices low enough to drive rivals out of business, quite as well as for fixing artificially high prices by corporate combination. But we hold that the plan of commission supervision, with maximum prices fixed by Government, does not touch the matter at all—unless, indeed, its adherents wish the commissioners to fix minimum as well as maximum, and dictate exactly what the American consumer is to pay for what he buys. We have heard of nobody so daring as to suggest this plan, and we have a very clear idea of the kind of reception it would meet with from the public.

FIRES AND HUMAN NATURE.

A few days ago, if anybody in New York had been asked to name the buildings most free from the danger of destruction by fire, he would have been almost sure to place the Equitable Building in the list, and near the top of it. He would probably have thought the building fireproof in the fullest sense of the word, to begin with; and he would have felt sure that the precautions against fire, over and above the protection afforded by the nature of the structure, were such as would correspond to the stupendous moneyed interests represented in the building. But Tuesday of last week told a different tale. The fire started in an act of carelessness such as might have taken place under the humblest roof; and in undertaking to fight it without sending in an alarm until it had attained great headway, the person in charge of the building showed that he was not under the government of proper rules of conduct in an emergency. But, as ex-Fire Chief Croker says, "of course this Equitable fire ought to have been stopped before it started, by proper prevention. Just so long as you leave waste paper in an office building at night you are in danger of a fire. All paper ought to be taken out as soon as it is collected. As I hear it, this blaze began in a storage room, and then went up the elevator shaft. Storing paper and things like that is giving the fire a handicap against the Department."

It will doubtless be said, by way of defence, that all this lack of careful management was due to the conviction that the building was "absolutely fireproof." Such was doubtless the belief of people generally; but the heads of the institution knew better, or were to blame if they did not. "The building," says Fire Commissioner Johnson, "was known to the underwriters as 'sub-standard construction.' This simply means that the building was not fireproof"; and he goes on to speak of its being "allowed to stand in the heart of the financial district" as an anomaly. Elsewhere the special defect to which the fire owed its destructiveness is thus commented on: "The presence of an elevator shaft fitted in wood, running the height of the building, or of wood staircases, renders any large building an easy prey to flames. The flames were sucked up the Equitable shaft, and the heat concentrated at the cupola of the building was so enormous that the entire structure was almost immediately wrecked." And it should be added that there was not even a wall of special thickness, or fire-resisting quality, to separate the restaurant storeroom (in which the fire started) from this fire-spreading chimney in the shape of an elevator shaft.

Now, nobody will pretend for a moment that the Equitable Company deliberately refused to spend the trifling sum that would have been required to make the precautions against the spread of a fire in the building practically invincible. To consult the foremost of fire experts as to the necessary measures, and to employ such a permanent skilled staff as might be necessary to carry them out, would have been the merest bagatelle in its budget. These things were not done, simply because nobody gave the matter serious thought. The like things, upon their more modest scale, are not done by any of us individually in our own houses, are not insisted on by any of us on the part of the owners of the apartments we occupy. They are not done by us collectively as inhabitants of a great city, or as business men with colossal material interests involved in its safety. Experts, we are told, "have come to the

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conclusion that New York would have been practically helpless if another big fire had broken out downtown on the same morning." It is highly improbable that a double event of the kind will happen; but it is far from impossible, and yet we all know that no radical measures will be taken to meet such a contingency, or, if taken at all, will not be taken in the near future. In a word, there is a vast deal of inertia in human nature. In some directions, we ought to fight that inertia, might and main; in some directions we must brand it as criminal and sternly punish it; but after all is said and done a great deal of it will remain, and must remain so long as we continue to be human.

Considerations like these have a bearing far wider than as they relate to the tactics of fire prevention. They should mitigate the ardors of some of our declaimers against the brutality and selfishness of the individualist or "capitalist" régime. Not every life lost in the working of the machinery of modern enterprise is a cold-blooded sacrifice on the altar of Mammon. Something must be allowed for that indifference to an infrequent possibility, that inertia in regard to an improbable disaster, which is illustrated so abundantly in instances with which the consideration of the saving of money has nothing to do. Just how far this kind of consideration should serve as excuse or palliation is matter for level-headed judgment in each case. It offers no refuge for the violator of laws designed to protect the lives of workers; it furnishes no excuse for the sordid wretch who locks the factory door as a cheap means of preventing pilfering by his employees, knowing, as he must, that he thereby directly diminishes the chance of their escape from a horrible death in the event of a fire. But it is a consideration that stands in the way of frantic general denunciations, and that stamps as false those pictures of society which represent the capitalist class as unfeeling monsters instead of human beings with their share of the weakness, the imperfection, the inertia which human beings exhibit in all stations of life, and which they will be quite sure to carry with them even into the coming Utopia.

FRENCH POLITICS AND THE ENTENTE CORDIALE.

The character of the new Ministry organized by M. Raymond Poincaré was determined by causes more permanent than usually shape the formation of a new Cabinet in France. The regular procedure is that the men who bring about the fall of a Cabinet take unto themselves the prize of victory. The struggle is a factional one between the "ins" and the "outs." But, however personal may have been the motives that brought about the fall of M. Caillaux, it is no single faction that has profited by the event. M. Poincaré's Cabinet is not only a Ministry of all talents in the sense that it comprises a large number of distinguished men of affairs; it represents also a greater number of groups and tendencies than any Cabinet for the past ten years. Omitting the Socialists on one wing and the Conservatives and Conservative Republicans on the other, it reflects every other shade of sentiment in Parliament, from the Moderate Republicans to the Socialist Radicals. It is a Cabinet of veterans. Two of its members, Bourgeois and Briand, are former Premiers. M. Poincaré has held the Portfolio of Finance with distinction. Millerand has several times held office, and is generally recognized as one of the most brilliant men in public life. Théophile Delcassé's rôle in French politics during the past fifteen years has been of the highest importance. There is so much talent in this new French Ministry that one fears for it the fate of other Ministries "of all the talents" in France and elsewhere.

But for the time being the appearance of what is described as a "national Ministry," instead of a merely partisan Ministry, is significant of the profound change that has come over French public opinion in the past two years. The nation has long been aware of the excessive play of personal politics and partisan intrigue that has gone on in Paris; but the nation, as a whole, has been indifferent. Partly this has been the result of the moral exhaustion following the tremendous strain of the Dreyfus affair. Partly it has been mere contentment with the steady economic well-being which France has been experiencing in contrast with other countries. Intent upon maintaining and increasing its prosperity, the French people demanded peace at any price. Because it wanted peace abroad, it repeatedly yielded to German intimidation. And because it had peace and prosperity at home, the nation was content to let the politicians in Paris knock each other about to their heart's content.

The change came not very long ago when the latest reappearance of the German menace under the old form of Morocco finally brought it home to the great majority of Frenchmen that peace by submission was not to be had. There were moments of acute crisis in last year's Moroccan controversy, but the temper of the French people had changed. All observers agree that a spirit of quiet determination possessed the French nation, a firm resolve to fight, if fight it must. And to this firm bearing on the part of France, taken in conjunction with England's support of her partner in the *entente cordiale*, the defeat of German diplomacy is attributed. That it was a defeat is acknowledged even in Germany. If there are Frenchmen who criticise the terms of the agreement over Morocco and the Congo, it is because they think that France could have obtained even more than she got. At any rate, even taking into account the existence of a difference of opinion as to the precise advantages gained by France, it is plain that French self-confidence to-day runs high. The national spirit, once awakened by the contest with Germany, has reacted on the internal situation. The indifference of the elector to the carryings on in the Chamber of Deputies has waned. The desire has manifested itself for a Government that shall not represent the ambitions of groups and individuals, but shall stand forth as the adequate embodiment of the nation's present high state of self-satisfaction. Some such popular state of mind has helped to shape the character of the new Ministry. How long this state of mind will last is another question.

That the new régime will bring about a change in the relations with England is altogether improbable. The mere presence in the Cabinet of M. Delcassé, architect of the *entente cordiale*, would show that. At the present moment British opinion is said to be greatly stirred up at the revelation of M. Caillaux's underhand negotiations with Germany; surely, here was an attempt to make peace with the common enemy

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and leave England in the lurch. But only a few weeks ago there were Frenchmen who accused England of playing her own game in Morocco. She permitted affairs to come to the verge of war until she obtained Germany's assurance that British trade-routes would not be menaced by a new German naval station in Morocco. Then Britain was content, and allowed France to get out of the difficulty as she could. But such suspicions are common in all political alliances. There is no love lost among the members of the Triple Alliance, for instance. Whatever may be the ultimate motives that underlie the *entente cordiale*, it is apparent that both parties have profited by it. England rejoices in a diplomatic victory over Germany, and in France conditions are as we have explained. Perhaps it is not the least advantage accruing from the Anglo-French understanding as it functioned in the course of recent events, that better relations between Germany and France and between Germany and England are now spoken of as a possibility of the near future.

ROUSSEAUISM.

It is no new thing in politics to sunder the democracy of Rousseau from the democracy of Montesquieu; but that democratic element, which critics all concede as one of the main forces in literature during the past hundred and fifty years, knows little or nothing of such a distinction. Jean-Jacques, with his gospel of the ego, his doctrine of popular sovereignty, his belief in man's natural goodness, has the field to himself. Literary democracy is always Rousseau's democracy, always the explosive kind, salutary so far as it wakes European letters into new life and sets up cosmopolitan ideals, but powerless in its own cause, and perishing at last of its own tragic absurdity. Critics and poets, who recoiled from the extreme step of Rousseauism, had no refuge, it would appear, in a restrained and reasoned democracy, such as Montesquieu gave the political world, such as commended itself to an American Federalist; in art and letters, no halting seems to be allowed between the doctrine that every man is an æsthetic law unto himself and the doctrine of a kingdom by divine right. Who are the democrats as one reckons them in English poetry? Burns, of course, and Byron, and Blake; the young Wordsworth, Shelley, Landor, in his own way—a Mirabeau in verse—and Swinburne; consummately, Walt Whitman—Rousseauists to a man, impatient of law, and foes to social order. Whitman's democracy is outright Rousseauism; but it sounds already in Wordsworth's poem of 1791:

> Once, Man, entirely free, alone and wild,
> Was blest as free—for he was Nature's child. . . .
> Confessed no law but what his reason taught,
> Did all he wished, and wished but what he ought.

Man, that is to say, was born free, has been corrupted by the community, and will be good again if he be set free from communal bonds. Here is the palpable opposite of Montesquieu's doctrine about law which the freeman imposes upon his own freedom, the opposite of Montesquieu's idea that individuals are at their best when they submit themselves to the highest social order, seek laws for defining that order, lay stress upon coherence, uphold standards, frown upon all that is merely individual and expansive, and praise what William James has called the "contractile" elements. In other words, to the democracy of Rousseau is opposed the democracy of Montesquieu, which is another thing from the Tory doctrine as shown in the feudalism of Scott and in the submissive scheme of converts like Friedrich Schlegel; and this saner democracy was both preached and practiced by many a poet, many a critic and historian, whose ideas are credited to Jean-Jacques.

Herder, to begin with a conspicuous instance, is set down as a Rousseauist of the extreme left. Yet more than one of his biographers can find no name to fit him so well as Humanist. Studies of Greek art and Greek letters busied his maturity, filled his last years; if he chides modern culture, he opposes to it not Rousseau's blameless savage, but the self-restrained freeman of Hellenic life at its best. He would use the classics, not in Landor's way, not in Pater's way, as fuel for that clear, hard flame of the intellectual life, but as an aid in humanizing the Christian ideal. True, he did not renounce and revile the apostle of freedom; but, like other men of genius whose pulses stirred in youth to the nobler note of Rousseau's appeal, Herder finally parted from his Lucifer in a kind of revolt against revolt. He got a glimpse of the other democratic banner, which floats above "the army of unalterable law." He saw that justice, which is cosmic, makes a higher ideal than mercy, which tends to the chaotic; that obedience to good laws, in art as in life, is the better part of freedom; and that Calvinism, hard as it is to hear, not only tells a truer tale than the vague account of the deists, but is to be heard rather for its fidelity to the facts of life, its assertion of the powerlessness of individuals, its encouragement of coherence in community and state, than for its vague assumptions of primitive innocence and natural goodness as Rousseau chose to interpret them. The Calvinist idea of retribution is unlovely; but Rousseau's idea of the kingdom of good impulses is impossible. Nothing so crossed his scheme as the idea of punishment. Yet it is to the powers that punish and not to the powers that forgive, it is to justice and not to mercy, that Herder at last dedicates his volume of poetry of the people. He believes in punishment, in that "mountain," as Dante said, which makes straight what the world has made crooked; as mature critic and historian he is no longer hysteric, hardly dithyrambic; he is seeking for laws, for the spirit of the law, whether in literary development or in the progress of humanity at large. That wonderful book, begun when Herder was forty years old, the "Ideas for the Philosophy of the History of Mankind," shows on nearly every page the trail of this search for law, this attempt to prove an orderly evolution, this gathering of the evidence for divine justice. Here and there a phrase like *verfeinte Schwachheit* still echoes Rousseau; and in the discussion of climate the "Discourse on Inequality" is treated with respect. But sentiment has mainly made way for science. "Here is no place," he says once, "to discuss the good or the harm done by these social institutions." He sees, as with modern eyes, all the evil and waste of the world, and he half-concedes the futility of it; then, with the nobler democratic hope at heart, he points out and praises the scheme by which the dear labors of mankind, *süsse Mühe der Menschen*, will come out more than conqueror. In sum, he will search history, just as Montesquieu advised, for the proof of laws; he will seek out the higher order.

"There is an old poet's saying," wrote Goethe in the year 1802, "which I once learned without comprehending it, but which now I understand, because it brings me blessing and success." What is this talismanic precept? Goethe proceeds to embody it in his famous sonnet about the master-artist who is revealed only by his self-restraint; in art, that is, "nothing but law can give us liberty." Now, if one wishes a phrase for the democratic movement in letters, this sonnet should at least proclaim that "return to nature" has no clearer title than "search for law." Moreover, catchwords like "people" and "race," often used to characterize certain theories in literary criticism, have as good right to Montesquieu's interpretation as to Rousseau's, which is their inevitable gloss. Nobody, it may be said with confidence, has disturbed the peace of the modern critic more than Jacob Grimm, Herder's own disciple, has done by his phrases about race-made epic and the people in verse. True, his "Old-German Forests" were a tangled and dark haunt of ideas which Rousseau would have approved; but Wilhelm Schlegel's sharp and just criticism drove Grimm from those ob-

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scurities, and set him not only to the orderly planting and harvesting of his German Grammar, but to the demonstration of that great law which bears his name. The hallmark of Grimm's research is not passion for the lower freedom, but reverence for the higher law. Even to his doctrine about poetry one may apply the spirit of that praise which Mr. Chesterton has recently expressed for "the real and ancient emotion" of the *salus populi*, almost extinct in our oligarchical chaos." Let the extravagant and dithyrambic part of the doctrine go; but keep, or rather bring back, Grimm's spirit of reverence for tradition, for the sense of kin and kind, his power of visualizing community or state even for literary ends, his respect for law, his belief in orderly progress.

Thus in the stubborn but not wholly unyielding material of literature and criticism can be traced lines analogous to those which are so deeply cut upon the political record. The account, moreover, is not yet closed. Rousseau's democracy of "myself" and Montesquieu's democracy of "my country" are still pitted one against the other in our national life. Rousseauism sticks in every champion of individual rights at the expense of the community, in every abuse of the power of that irresponsible individual, the corporation under private control, and in the travesty of justice which allows absurd range to the defendant in a criminal suit. The cause of reform is inevitably the cause of the community, of law, of the higher social order. And has this cause, to touch the analogy once more, no place in critical and creative literary fields? Have poets nothing to learn from the higher democracy? In criticism, in history, is the blue pencil to be drawn across all the pages of the democratic message; and shall so inadequate a label as "Rousseauism" condemn alike the mistakes and the inspired exhortation? There is no task so attractive to scholar, critic, man of letters, as to return upon the whole democratic movement and make salvage of its nobler and forgotten achievements. Whoever will carefully follow this movement on artistic, literary, and critical ground, must deny the supremacy of Rousseau, and must allow that "the real and ancient emotion of the *salus populi*" found, and ought always to find, its highest expression not in liberty, but in law.

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MISCELLANEOUS GERMAN BOOKS.

A useful book of reference has just been published by the old firm of E. S. Mittler & Son, in Berlin. It is a "Philosophen-Lexikon" of about nine hundred pages, compiled and edited by Dr. Rudolf Eisler, and surveying the life, work, and teachings of the world's great thinkers. Another work likely to engage attention is the collection of essays by Adolf Harnack, entitled "Aus Wissenschaft und Leben," which is imported by G. E. Stechert & Co. To a more popular taste appeals another importation of the same firm, Dr. Otto Henne am Rhyn's "Illustrierte Religions- und Sittengeschichte aller Zeiten und Völker," with ten full-page plates and many illustrations in the text. From Eugen Diederichs of Jena, who publishes many works in that department, comes a book by Wilhelm Müller which treats with commendable judgment the creeds and churches of this country, "Das religiöse Leben in Amerika." The same house has brought out a translation of Percival Lowell's "Soul of the Far East," and Rütten & Löning of Frankfurt a volume of selections from the writings of Lafcadio Hearn, under the title "Japan-Buch."

Folklore and travel are largely represented in the season's bookmart. A unique work, published by Rütten & Löning (also known as Literarische Anstalt), is "Das Buch des Lappen Johann Turi." It is the first original work of its kind written by a Lap, and is edited by a Danish woman, Fräulein Demant, who for a year shared the author's life and made him write what he knew of the life and lore of his people. The same firm publishes a volume of Chinese ghost and love stories of the seventeenth century in an *édition de luxe* on China paper and bound in silk. Of travel books one of the most striking is the sumptuously illustrated volume by Oscar Kauffmann, "Aus Indiens Dschungeln," which is imported by Stechert. From the firm of B. G. Teubner in Leipzig comes a book by E. von Hoffmeister, "Durch Armenien: Eine Wanderung und der Zug Xenophons bis zum Schwarzen Meer."

Karl Scheffler, a subtle critic and brilliant essayist, has edited for the Insel-Verlag of Leipzig a work called "Deutsche Maler und Zeichner im 19. Jahrhundert," which has been imported by Lemcke & Buechner. It is a large volume with about seventy illustrations, which are in themselves valuable. Another ambitious art work, entitled "Deutsche Kunst in Wort und Farbe," is edited by Dr. Richard Graul, and published by E. A. Seeman of Leipzig (imported by Stechert). It contains ninety-five color plates of paintings by Böcklin, Leibl, Liebermann, Stuck, Thoma, Menzel, and others. Of Karl Woermann's "Geschichte der Kunst aller Zeiten und Völker," the third volume has been imported by Lemcke & Buechner; it is devoted to the art of the Christian nations from the sixteenth to the end of the nineteenth centuries.

Among the books for the music-lover and musician the biography of Richard Strauss by Max Steinitzer is likely to be much talked of. It is a volume of three hundred pages, with fifty-six illustrations and numerous portraits. The centenary of Liszt justifies calling attention to August Göllerich's "Franz Liszt," published by Marquardt & Co. of Berlin, a volume of above three hundred pages, with some excellent portraits and four hitherto unpublished compositions. Untiring in his efforts at exploiting the subject of Goethe from every point of view, Wilhelm Bode appears as the author of a work in two volumes, "Die Tonkunst in Goethe's Leben," in which he traces the relation of Goethe to the musicians of his time: Kayser, Reichhardt, Schütz, Hummel, Zelter, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert, not forgetting the author of the first and very naïve setting of the "Erlking," the fair singer Corona Schröter, and the venerable musical *savant* Freiherr von Rochlitz. Besides the book of selections from the writings of Richard Wagner made by Houston Stewart Chamberlain for the Insel-Verlag about a year ago ("Auswahl seiner Schriften"), there appears among this season's publications a little year-book of quotations for every day, "Aussprüche über Musik und Musiker," compiled by Daniela Thode, and dedicated to her brother, Siegfried Wagner. It is a dainty little book in leather binding, imported, like the other works on music, by Stechert.

A number of books on literary subjects have recently appeared in attractive editions. Albert Soergel's "Dichtung und Dichter der Zeit" is a compendium of modern German letters. It is a volume of nearly nine hundred pages, containing three hundred and forty-five portraits, among them the painfully true and striking portrait of Nietzsche by Klinger. Wolfgang Golther's essays, collected under the title, "Zur deutschen Sage und Dichtung," deal so much with Wagner and his relation to Schiller and Goethe that they appeal both to the reader with the literary interest and the music-lover. A notable volume, bearing the familiar Brockhaus imprint, is Dr. H. H. Houben's book on the Young Germany of the thirties, "Jungdeutscher Sturm und Drang."

An unusual number of historical works published within the last few years in Germany are concerned with studies of the Renaissance. A part of the catalogue of Eugen Diederichs of Jena is devoted to such works. The Insel-Verlag has a new edition of the historical scenes by Arthur Count Gobineau, entitled "Die Renaissance," on excellent paper in leather binding with reproductions of portraits from rare originals. A new history of the German people, "Geschichte des deutschen Volkes," by Emil Michael, is presented in a volume of 443 pages by the Herder'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung in Freiburg. German-American readers will be interested in a book by Wilhelm Kaufmann: "Die Deutschen im amerikanischen Bürgerkriege," a volume of nearly six hundred

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pages, imported by Lemcke & Buechner.

Among books of biography there is as usual an abundance of works pertaining to the giants of classical Weimar. Paul Kühne passes in review the interesting circle that hovered about Goethe, in an attractively illustrated volume, called "Die Frauen um Goethe," which is imported by Stechert. Wilhelm Bode's "Charlotte von Stein" is an exhaustive study of that remarkable character; it is a volume of 665 pages with forty-eight illustrations, among them silhouettes of the period. There is also a book on "Charlotte von Kalb," by Ida Boy-Ed, the novelist, which bears the imprint of Eugen Diederichs of Jena. It is an admirable psychological portrait of the woman who enjoyed the friendship of Goethe and Herder, was called the Titanide by Jean Paul, was a favorite of the Princess Amalia, and yet died literally in obscurity, having lost her eyesight and been reduced to poverty. The one-hundredth anniversary of the death of Heinrich von Kleist has been observed by the publication of an important biographical work, Ernst Schur's "Heinrich von Kleist: In seinen Briefen," published by the Schiller-Buchhandlung, Charlottenburg.

Among the collections of popular tales usually classed with juveniles there are some new editions of Grimm's "Kinder- und Haus-Märchen" and the Arabian Nights, "Tausend und eine Nacht," both in the Insel-Verlag. Of complete editions there is a great abundance, the classics heading the list. Of the "Shakespeare in deutscher Sprache" in twelve volumes, mostly in new translations by Friedrich Gundolf, seven volumes are ready. They are published by George Bondi of Berlin and are distinguished by their artistic makeup. The new revised edition of Lessing's complete works, edited by Georg Witkowski and published by the Bibliographische Institut of Leipzig, has reached its seventh volume. The historical and critical edition of Hebbel's complete works, which is being prepared by Richard Maria Werner and is called the Säkular-Ausgabe, is planned to comprise sixteen volumes, and it seems doubtful whether it will be completed in the year of his centenary, 1913. The Insel-Verlag has a new Lenau in six volumes.

A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Among the word portraits sketched by William Ernest Henley with such precision and sureness of touch as to remind one of the masters of etching, there is one of a visitor to the Old Infirmary in Edinburgh, when the poet was a patient in that house of healing. It is a sonnet, and, therefore, short enough for quotation, and fine enough to deserve frequent repetition:

A VISITOR.

Her little face is like a walnut shell
With wrinkling lines; her soft white hair adorns
Her either brow in quaint straight curls, like horns,
And all about her clings an old sweet smell.
She wears prim stuffs and puritanic shawls,
Her bonnets might well have been born on her.
Can you conceive a fairy godmother
Devoted to conventicles and calls?

In snow or shine from bed to bed she runs,
Her mittened hands that always give, or pray,
Bearing a sheaf of tracts, a bag of buns:
All twinkling smiles and texts and pious tales,
A wee old maid that sweeps the Bridegroom's way,
Strong in a cheerful trust that never fails.

This was printed in the number for July, 1875, of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and may now be read in the first volume of the Works of William Ernest Henley, published in 1908.

Every one who reads the sonnet will feel that it is a lifelike portrait. But who was the original? The answer to that question will be found in a privately printed booklet devoted to the memory of a saintly Scotswoman, Barbara Abercrombie.* The portrait which forms the frontispiece shows an antique figure with a lofty brow and a kindly face. She was born January 7, 1811, and died March 7, 1891. Her father, a "beloved physician," had also the Scottish talent for philosophy. His house was a gathering ground of the men who came out of the Established Kirk in the Great Disruption of 1843—a calamity which might have been avoided if either English lawyers or English statesmen had been less obstinately ignorant of Scottish business and Scottish sentiment. She was a member of the Free Church from the beginning, and after her father's death she continued the hospitable tradition which made it a centre of religious and philanthropic effort. She was one of the founders of the Ladies' Society for Highland Schools, and for more than thirty years was its assiduous secretary. To one of the teachers she wrote:

I am so glad you gave your son the Scripture quilt, it is quite a thing for a sailor. We were much interested in your account of the elderly woman learning to read. I have sent in your parcel a small box, with eight pairs of spectacles for different eyes, and I have told Mr. L. if he wants a pair for anybody else to ask them from you. In your parcel there is a little tea for sick people, given by an invalid friend who is since dead; also some things I hope may be useful in your own family.

This may serve for the practical side of Barbara Abercrombie's character; on the spiritual side there is a letter of condolence to the widow of a Highland Catechist, an excellent man, who died in the prime of life from a sore throat, caught while nursing his own sick children; and a letter to a young girl who has just partaken of her first communion. Miss Abercrombie's charities were not, as is sometimes the case, confined to those who were remote from her. The lowest cellars and the highest attics of the socially variegated Edinburgh knew her gentle spirit and her generous hand. "This care for the poor," said the Rev. Andrew Keay, "was her ruling passion, and it was strong in death, for the last words she uttered before the final unconsciousness set in had reference to a sum of money she wished to send to a poor widow." In a letter of condolence, written in 1887, she says: "I have no black-edged paper here, but I have a black dress, and I have put it on." What a tenderly naïve sentence! The booklet includes many tributes to the sincerity and helpfulness of Barbara Abercrombie, and Henley's poem is included. Mr. Keay records a characteristic saying: "I remember," he says, "how she once told me that when she felt inclined to be discontented her cure for it was a visit to the infirmary." It was on such visits that Henley saw her.

William E. A. Axon.

*In Memoriam. Barbara Abercrombie. . . . Edinburgh: Printed at the University Press by T. and A. Constable, Printers to Her Majesty, 1891, pp. [4] 83.

Correspondence

A REPLY BY HANNIS TAYLOR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of December 28, Mr. Gaillard Hunt made an attack upon Madison in order to injure the fame of Pelatiah Webster. He begins by warming over an old story originated by Bancroft, who denied the truth of the following statement made by Madison in his famous Papers published by Gilpin in 1841:

In a pamphlet published in May, 1781, at the seat of Congress, Pelatiah Webster, an able though not conspicuous citizen, after discussing the fiscal system of the United States and suggesting among other remedial provisions, one including a national bank, remarks that "the authority of Congress at present is very inadequate to perform their duties; and this indicates the necessity of their calling a Continental Convention for the express purpose of ascertaining, defining, enlarging, and limiting the duties and powers of their Constitution."

Mr. Hunt tells us that "Madison's sketch in which the error of attributing the pamphlet to Webster occurred was written by him in extreme old age and was not one of the papers which he prepared for posthumous publication." As an historical critic Mr. Hunt is really a more reliable witness than Bancroft.

But what I really object to is Mr. Hunt's attempt to make it appear that I have attached vital importance to the announcement which Madison says Pelatiah Webster made in the summer of 1781 as to the calling of a "Continental Convention." In my recent work I said: "No attention should be paid to Bancroft's vain attempt to discredit Madison's statement. Apart from Madison's great accuracy and Bancroft's well-known inaccuracy stands the fact that the call of 1781 was a natural part of Pelatiah Webster's initiative as now understood. Madison was on the ground and knew the facts; Bancroft's inference is based on flimsy hearsay nearly a century after the event. Bancroft never grasped the importance of Webster's work." In commenting on that statement Mr. Hunt has said: "Here he welds the pamphlets of 1781 and 1783 together more strongly than ever before, so that when one falls, the other must have a precarious standing." That is one of Mr. Hunt's many inventions. He attempts to make it appear, without any basis of fact whatever, that I have made the pamphlet of 1783, as to whose authority there is no possible question, hang upon a few comparatively unimportant lines in the pamphlet of 1781. The plain answer is, I have done nothing of the kind; there is no motive for any such contention on my part. The epoch-making paper of 1783 is just as important, just as authentic, even if it should be proven that the comparatively unimportant paper of 1781 never existed.

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Pass to Mr. Hunt's attempt to analyze the epoch-making paper of February 16, 1783, in which Pelatiah Webster announced to the world, as his invention, "the great discovery in political science," now embodied in our existing Constitution. The critic of our complex Constitution who does not understand that the history of the single States that compose the substructure is one thing, and that the history of the two Federal Constitutions that have held them together is quite another thing, is lost. The starting point is the fact that no Federal government that existed prior to February 16, 1783, had ever possessed the power to levy a penny of taxes. For that reason all such Federal governments had been failures. The framers of the Articles of Confederation perfectly understood that fact, as we know from John Adams. Dr. Franklin, who made the first draft of the Articles of Confederation in 1775 (it survives in his handwriting), had just as good an opportunity to create a new Federal system as Pelatiah Webster. But, genius as he was, he was perfectly sterile because the question to be solved was one of finance, and he was not a financier. Webster was; and in that way he conceived of a new Federal creation armed, for the first time in the world's history, with the power to tax. No school boy should be guilty of this statement which Mr. Hunt makes: "It contains only two features which also appear in the Constitution—the power of Federal taxation and the bicameral Legislature—and there were no two principles of government better understood in the States at the time Webster wrote than these." People in the States understood how single States like England or Virginia had the power to tax; how such single States could have a bicameral Legislature; but no one had dreamed of a Federal State with the independent power of taxation; no one had dreamed of a Federal Legislature divided into two chambers; no one had dreamed of a Federal State divided into three departments, executive, legislative, and judicial. It was the application of those conceptions to a Federal State that constituted the invention.

It is strange that Mr. Hunt should not understand Webster's quaint, yet lucid English, when he describes, in his marvellous essay of October 12, 1787, the three coordinate powers that are to take part, under his novel scheme, in the enactment of Federal legislation. Under the Confederation, all legislation was enacted by a one-chamber assembly, without the concurrence of an executive. Under Webster's plan, now in force, Federal legislation is enacted by three powers or bodies—the Executive, the House of Representatives, and the Senate. The President of the United States is a part of the law-making power. That is what Webster said, no more, no less. As Mr. Hunt lives in the National Library, in the midst of documents, he should believe Ch.-V. Langlois, who has told us that "History is studied from documents. Documents are the traces which have been left by the thoughts and actions of men of former times. There is no substitute for documents; no documents, no history." He can put his hand every day upon an original copy of the epoch-making document of February 16, 1783, of forty-seven printed pages, and read it just as it was issued from the press of T. Bradford, who sold it within a few blocks of the doors of the Continental Congress, in which Madison and Hamilton were sitting on the day of its publication, and in which Charles Pinckney took his place not long afterwards. It was the contents of the great document of February 16, 1783, that was presented to the Federal Convention of 1787, in the three "plans," so-called, drafted by Madison, Pinckney, and Hamilton. In the light of that fact, how amusing it is to have any one say that the work of Webster was ignored by the Convention. It was the basis of its proceedings. Webster's invention was presented to the Convention on the very first day it met for real business in the "plans" offered on that day by Randolph and Pinckney. From May 29 to the close, the single question before the secret conclave, *which worked only eighty-six days*, was as to the form in which the great invention of February 16, 1783, should be adapted to then existing conditions as a working system of government.

HANNIS TAYLOR.

Washington, D. C., January 5.

A JAPANESE VIEW OF CHINA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To observers like us, who see not one instance in China's longest history of her becoming one consolidated empire, as if she were a dragon with eight heads and tails (in fact, Southern China appears to have been always independent), the present revolutionary movement loses much of its own significance. And the word revolution, quite dynamic and new in the West since the French Revolution, is really an old thing in China like republicanism or equality, another effective word in the West. Although the fall of an empire or dynasty, especially when connected with the sudden cry for a republic, may sound to Western ears almost startling, we who have studied the Chinese literature and history as the Western students do the Greek, only receive the impression from the present disturbance that China again is repeating her own history; the Chinese history is but changes of Emperors and a sort of series of revolutions. There never existed loyalty in the Chinese mind as we Japanese understand it, as they have never known an Emperor one and eternal as we in Japan; they have thought it nothing strange to change or put aside their Emperor when they found him unfitted to be their own representative. It is quite natural that the present Chinese, I mean the Han people, cannot see why they should not send the Tartar Emperor away, against whom they had even reason for impeachment; besides, he was originally a barbarian, they declare, from the Manchurian field or mountain, who conquered them with cruel hand. We have in Japan a time-honored phrase: "Loyalty springs from the bosom of filial piety." The trouble with the Ch'ing Dynasty was that they could not openly and vigorously encourage the sense of loyalty as conquerors.

K'ang Hsi (accession 1662), who is said to have been the best among the Manchu Emperors and who reigned during sixty long years, emphasized in his Educational Edict the points that the people should never think of war, and that the universal peace was to be kept, but he could not dare to speak the word loyalty, as he was afraid that it might stir up the patriotism in the old hearts of the Han people to rise against the Manchu House. And another unjust attempt was the destruction of history from the same fear that it might awaken them to self-consciousness; when poetry, art, and chirography were generally encouraged, it was from the motive to make the people less sensitive to politics and state affairs. The neglect of ethical study made them gradually weak in their human existence; the sense of filial piety which even the Manchu Government encouraged most strongly, made the family more important in China than the country's welfare; and their family's safety a matter to consider first of all, and again it resulted in making them, as we see, phantoms self-seeking and money-loving. And that sort of filial piety has furnished the foundation of their ancestor worship. What China got from such an encouragement was the perfecting of one of the most significant examples in the world of a nation weak and poor in spiritual existence, with such a vastness in population. Certainly there should be a limit to population for any nation if her happiness and dignity as a nation are to be considered first; what use, like China, to have such a population whose education and interest cannot be insured by the nation? Again I should like to question what sort of a republic (though beautiful the name) those young ambitious revolutionists can make out from their own people, the majority of them ignorant, and worse than that, self-centred. They might be taught in time the lesson of freedom, equality, and fraternity, even in the Western sense; but you must have, at the very start, a better sort of patriotism than that required for any imperial country, because the ideal of republicanism must be the betterment of civilization and humanity of the world in general.

I see no meaning, as in the vastness of the Chinese population, again in her vastness of land; the most curious fact, that those vast lands, though loosely, still have kept the appearance of one Empire in her long history, has been recognized as it seems to-day by the world's policy of "Preservation of China." But that is for the convenience of the Western nations and Japan, who have acted and will more act in China as if they had all rights they wish there. If I were to plan for China's own benefit, I have often thought, she should confer the places far away from her central Government, powerless to control and useless for her own purpose, upon the proper nations when such an act should not immediately break the balance of power either in the West or East; and to make her strength more easy to concentrate and more effective, she should confine herself within the provinces where the real influence of the Government could be felt. And better still, those provinces, I dare wish, should be divided into three or four countries; that, I am sure, would be the proper answer for the question of the Chinese reformation. Speaking from the point of Life whose fulness and development should be the first and last question of this world, it would be most inexcusable to leave the people, I mean the Chinese people here, in the hand of ruin and ignorance; what will the Chinese Republic, supposing it shall appear, do if the Government newly built is found to be equally powerless as the old one? And there is reason to imagine

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that so it will be, as a crow cannot turn to a stork at once; beside, that republicanism was not, as in the case of the beginnings of America, the determination of all the people whose realization was a prophecy itself. It is said that there are not more than fifty people who started and are working out the present revolutionary movement. The soldiers wearing a piece of white cotton on their arm as revolutionists only fight against the Government for the sake of better payment; who knows if they will not take the Government's side to-morrow again in consideration of the payment they shall receive? Indeed, the true story that I have heard from the valley of the Yangtse-kiang makes me rather discouraged.

I have been lately studying the Chinese history, especially how Ming, the former dynasty, fell, and the Ch'ing rose; it is told that the better class of people under Ming indulged, so to say, in empty discussion and playing with literature, and as a bad result of the political system of making too much of the popular voice (in fact, China of the Ming dynasty was more republican than despotic), the national soldiers grew weakened and effeminate. It seems some historians insist on the point that it was not the Tartars who ruined the Ming dynasty, but the Hans themselves, whose most unfortunate characteristic was their love of quarrel more or less for the purposes of selfishness and self-glorification; the great interest in the study of the history of the Ming dynasty is that I can apply it, of course with some modification, to the present Han people, who are to-day attempting to overthrow the Manchus. It is said that too great freedom of speech was given in that age, from the officials to the common masses; a hundred clubs, societies, and parties, political as well as social, existed, which were always wrongly used to self-interest. It was perfectly appalling to see what a mighty power gold had; it was only money that made name and popularity, and again that made the public opinion and political influence: no one can tell if such will not be the case again for a Chinese Republic which the revolutionists are pleased to dream. One thing I can tell you even with evidence is that their love of "empty discussion" and quarrel are already troubling the general course of the movement to-day; it is most sad not to have a great personality for the success of the revolution, who will at once silence the petty quarrels among the leaders and unite all the provinces by one principle, and make them act as one state. It is said in the paper that Dr. Sun Yat-Sen is expected soon at home; can he ever become that man? YONE NOGUCHI.

Keio University, Tokio, December 5.

AN UNDERGRADUATE VIEW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Few undergraduates of the highest intellectual type become teachers. I will go further: few undergraduates of the higher intellectual types become teachers. Yet if there is one profession which needs powerful personalities, it is the teaching profession; if there is one profession which is filled as a whole with decrepit personalities, it is the teaching profession. I am not unaware of the widespread conception that teaching is, after the ministry, the noblest and most altruistic, as well as the most interesting and most influential, profession; and that, accordingly, those who study to become teachers are noble in their ideals, altruistic in their endeavors, interesting in their personalities, and influential in their curricula of life. Allow me, then to sketch the attitude of the noble, altruistic, interesting, and influential undergraduate—for such a curiosity does exist, if in comparatively smaller number than formerly—towards the profession of university teaching.

(1.) He looks askance upon the necessity for research work. Necessity it is, for only by research are success and prominence attained. His enthusiasm for teaching the subject in which he would specialize is not sufficient warrant for original investigation into that subject; his delight in the whole will not presuppose his delight in its constituent elements. He avoids what the logicians term the fallacy of composition.

(2.) He looks askance upon the character of that research work. If he does not lay siege to an out-of-the-way and unimportant fortress of research, he will be always an obscure private, or, at most, a corporal; and if he does lay siege to the fortress and capture it, he realizes that, although he may win promotion, he has not benefited the entire country of scholarship. He has only opened the way to booty for himself and his small battalion. He has devoted the best years of his life to the siege; the fortress has been taken; but its capture is of no broad significance. And a siége is a tedious and a wasting undertaking.

(3.) He does not live that he may acquire money; but he must acquire money in order that he may live; and on a university professor's salary, he cannot live according to his ideals. He does not desire an automobile, but he does desire opera tickets. He does not desire orchestra chairs when an attractive play is presented, but he does not desire to crouch in the top gallery. He does not desire to give elaborate social functions, but he wishes to mingle in a class of society congenial to him. He wants to buy books and to subscribe to magazines; he wants to travel; he wants to feel himself able to marry without demanding enormous sacrifices of his wife; he wants to provide his children with the same educational benefits that he himself has enjoyed. He has consciously relinquished the material pleasures of the world in favor of the intellectual pleasures incident upon his profession; but, in doing so, he wants to enjoy these intellectual pleasures to the utmost. Now, although the cost of living has increased enormously in recent years, the salaries of members of college faculties have remained virtually stationary; and college instructors can no longer revel to their heart's content or even occasionally browse free from care in the fragrant meadows of a scholar's life.

(4.) If he could devote his life to instructing the young, not only in the subject he teaches, but also by his own example, in the fundamentals of life, he could feel that the world was better for his existence in it. But if he devotes his life primarily to research work and to the acquisition of knowledge which is merely interesting, and interesting to merely a very insignificant part of the world, he labels himself and his life work as selfish. At a time when he realizes that so much of the misery imbedded in the world could be removed by preventive machinery, must he not say that a life devoted to the happiness of one man and of his few associates is a selfish life? In Tomlinson, Kipling has sketched a wretch who, when called before the bar of judgment, shamefacedly confesses that he had lived for himself, and had done neither good nor evil for the mass of humanity; is not a university instructor, reasons the undergraduate, in so far as he must pay more attention to his research work than to the instruction of his students, a Tomlinson?

Accordingly, the body of graduate students who intend to be teachers in universities is composed to-day, for the most part, of persons who pursue this profession because it is the most remunerative profession open to them. And the person who cannot earn more in other fields than he can earn in teaching is necessarily a man of little brilliancy, of uninspiring personality, of a mind built for arithmetical-like investigations rather than for a broad outlook over the general realm of scholarship. The weakness of the American college faculty lies not in the character of the work which its members pursue, but in the personnel of its members, who are, for the greater part, unfit to pursue any other character of work.

BERTRAM BENEDICT.

Baltimore, January 12.

[We print this letter because it probably expresses the views of a large number of undergraduate students.—ED. THE NATION.]

Literature

YOUNG AMERICA.

Is There Anything New Under the Sun? By Edwin Björkman. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

Mr. Björkman belongs to that interesting group of young men who are now somewhat excitedly flinging their caps for posterity. ("Youth," according to our author, is that emotional period which extends normally from the twentieth to the forty-fifth year.) He has laid hold of a new purpose, wrung from the message with which science is fraught. And this has changed him, he tells us, "from a believer in the past and in the part to a builder of the future and the whole." It behooves us to keep an eye upon the builders of the future! In the volume before us, Mr. Björkman's purpose and his views of the message of science are set forth in several essays of a rather indescribably critical-scientific-historical-psychological-philosophical-sociological character—of which the upshot is, that he is an ardent evolutionist of the latest issue of the revised edition, believing in the illimitable progress of life towards perfection, not to speak of various related doctrines. Without raising any question concerning the absolute novelty of this view,

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we are ready to admit that it is a cheerful variation from the languorous æsthetic outlook fashionable among "advanced thinkers" within the memory of man. Mr. Björkman follows up the general announcements of the "new humanism" with discussions of several spirits, presumably regarded as kindred, who are significantly stirring the erstwhile stagnant pool of modern thought —James, Bergson, Shaw, Galsworthy, Söderberg. He winds up all with a programme for the art, poetry, and criticism of the future.

It falls not here to inquire whether these new wines have made the vintners drunk; it may be said, however, briefly and soberly that they have made the young men bold. The immediate effect of rendering philosophy vital has been to persuade all the young men that they are philosophers. Intensely earnest, sanguine, disdainful of the past, equipped with mother-wit and copies of "Pragmatism" and "Creative Evolution," they are ready at a moment's notice to interpret the data of science, dismiss the problems of free-will and evil, and lead us by fine new highways into the philosophical New Jerusalem. Now, the obvious risk we run in entrusting our hopes to guides so independent of spiritual history and geography is that we shall bring up at last not in the New Jerusalem, but in Rome, Athens, or Palestine. The atmosphere in which the young men have been reared has been extremely favorable to the decay of traditions; so that they are quite as likely to discover "new truths" by opening a history of Greek thinkers as by grappling single-handed in the arena with the Absolute. We cannot, in short, avoid the suspicion that the grandiose expectations of the young men, no less than their unparalleled recklessness of assertion, are due rather to their ignorance of the past than to their vision of the future, rather to the failure of their logic than to the success of their insight.

We cannot, for example, easily reconcile Mr. Björkman's magnificently consolatory assurance that "behind us, we shall find the life planes ranging themselves in chronological sequence, with the tide of life rising steadily from one to the other," with his assertion that "genuine pessimism seems to have been unknown to classic antiquity." True pessimism, says our author, is to be found in the words of Schopenhauer: "Each individual existence is a definite mistake, a blunder, something that would be better not to have been, and the object of existence should be to end it." If such comment on life were in reality a novel fruit left by the rising "life-urge" on the latest and therefore highest "life plane," we might be inclined to dwell on the inconsistency of Mr. Björkman's evolutionist enthusiasm, with the history of recent thought. But, as matters stand, we are more concerned to reconcile his assertion of the modernity of genuine pessimism with what we know of classic antiquity: with certain epigrams in the Greek Anthology—with this of Glycon, "All is laughter, and all is dust, and all is nothing; for out of unreason is all that is"—with this of Theognis, "Of all things not to be born into the world is best, nor to see the beams of the keen sun; but, being born, as swiftly as may be to pass tne gates of Hades, and lie under a heavy heap of earth"; with this from the profoundly sad and beautiful chorus of Sophocles, "Not to be born, excels on the whole account; and for him who has seen the light to go whence he came is next best by far"; with Plutarch's collection for Apollonius on the evils of life from Simonides, Pindar, and Euripides; with certain passages in which Marcus Aurelius combats the dark insurgency of the thought that "all things have been and all things always will be bad, and that no power has ever been found in so many gods to rectify these things, but the world has been condemned to be bound in never-ceasing evil. The rottenness of the matter which is the foundation of everything!" If these utterances do not reflect a deliberate and mature pessimism, the word needs re-definition.

We recall these witnesses of ancient bitterness not to dampen the enthusiasm of Schopenhauer's youthful apostles—an enthusiasm which is a refreshing spiritual symptom; but to encourage sobriety in speech, which to the eyes of some of us still retains a simple and satisfying loveliness of its own. Mr. Björkman's wealth of sweeping generalizations and his poverty of facts in which the reader can set his teeth are all too suggestive of the present authority among us of a sonorous type of theorizing—in education without reference to any specific subject matter; in science without the aid of any of the sciences; in history without reference to men, events, or dates; in sociology without the support of history or economics. The product of such speculation almost invariably has all the froth of genuine yeast without any of the raising power. To illustrate the way in which Mr. Björkman's faith is built and bastioned upon the ramparts of the wind, we submit the following:

> If we consider not exceptional periods or places or peoples, but *civilized mankind everywhere and in all ages* (our italics), it may safely be asserted that *until recently* (our italics) all but an insignificantly small number of men used to be completely engrossed with the support and protection of life. Fighting was the one manly, honorable, and profitable occupation. Relief from it was found only in love—another kind of war then—and in coarse material pleasures. The perfective forces could not assert themselves, except in their most selfish and primitive form.

Though it be true, as our author declares, that "the new is always better than the old," it is desperately serious business, this discovering of novelties, and the steps of the modernist are beset with the pitfalls of irony. To say nothing of new truth, it is by no means child's play to find new forms of expression. For instance, this modish magniloquence of speech, the careless grandeur of this gesture towards civilized man everywhere and in all ages, the abysmal vagueness of this "until recently," all hark back to the village politician and the old-fashioned clergyman. Further than that—they hark back through the ages two thousand years to a precisely similar vice in speech condemned by Cicero in the treatise, "De Natura Deorum," through the mouth of the genial Cotta. "That the existence of the gods seems credible to men of all nations and classes," says Cotta, "you declared was a sufficiently valid reason why we should admit that there are gods. The argument is not merely slight, but unsound as well. For, in the first place, how are the opinions of all nations known to you? Now, I am inclined to believe that there are many peoples so wholly uncultivated (*immanitate efferatas*) as to be without any inkling of the gods." *Sequimur te, sancte deorum!* Under the august sanction of Cicero, we should like to inquire whence Mr. Björkman derives his familiarity with the percentages engaged in various occupations among "civilized mankind everywhere and in all ages." We do not know where to lay hands on the figures, but we have been inclined to believe that the decline of the monastic ideal and of religious consecration in general, the fall of the feudal system, the abolition of serfdom and slavery, the decline of patronage in the fine arts, the great rewards held out by modern industrial enterprises, together with the wide dissemination in the nineteenth century of a formulated gospel of work, have, on the whole, tended to *reduce* the leisure classes not engaged in the support and protection of life. But if the reader desires an it-may-safely-be-asserted prefixed to his opinion, he must cleave to Mr. Björkman.

Whatever the merits of this particular question, it may be laid down as a general maxim that it is as easy to prove progress with the aid of history as without it. Whether there is anything very new under the sun to justify a renascence of faith in the goal of evolution, is a problem hardly to be settled by the enthusiasm or the cap-flinging of the young men. Its determination involves an ever-renewed consultation of that profound past to whose ideas and institutions the young men are devoting but fugitive glances from the dizzy rear of the express-train that is speeding them out of it. To these exhilarated and self-appointed torch-bearers unto

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the next age one is disposed to repeat the grave words of Epictetus to candidates for the priesthood:

> A man should come with sacrifices and prayers, previously purified, and his mind affected with a sense that he is approaching to sacred and ancient rites. . . . You have not the garment that is necessary for a priest, nor the hair or the girdle that is necessary; nor the voice nor the age; nor have you purified yourself like him.

And when Mr. Björkman and other members of that little knot who profess themselves in the foremost files of time assure us that we are now beginning to "see with the brilliant clearness of unobstructed vision—that the new is always better than the old," when they declare that it is now "safe to conclude that whatever life does or causes its creatures to do has for its ultimate end the preservation and the perfection of life itself"—in the face of these hot assurances we find a wholesome and restorative virtue in turning back to a somewhat sombre meditation on change recorded in what Mr. Björkman calls the "pre-scientific" age, long before M. Bergson, in the crude old times when love and war were the only occupations of men, before the "perfective forces" could assert themselves:

> The earth, too, will change, and the things also which result from change will continue to change forever, and these again forever. For if a man reflects on the changes and transformations which follow one another like wave after wave and their rapidity, he will despise everything which is perishable . . . The universal cause is like a winter torrent: it carries everything along with it. . . . Set thyself in motion, if it is in thy power, and do not look about thee to see if any one will observe it; nor yet expect Plato's Republic: but be content if the smallest thing goes well. . . . Simple and modest is the work of philosophy. Draw me not aside to insolence and pride.

CURRENT FICTION.

Under Western Eyes. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Harper & Bros.

We suppose that under a very large majority of Western eyes the Russian character and springs of action are nearly or altogether incomprehensible. Even a great picture like "Anna Karenina," with its clear marks of truth to life, leaves one in a mood of uneasy wonder as to what that life amounts to, how far the human nature it expresses is a sane or even tolerable human nature. We suspect that the "average American" thinks of the Russian people as a race of goblins, and of their existence, political or other, as of the stuff nightmares are made of. That it is a difficult and almost desperate feat to interpret for Europe these northern Orientals is acknowledged in the opening pages of this book. The narrative is supposed to be made up of extracts from the diary of a Russian, edited and supplemented by the hand of an English teacher of languages, living in Geneva.

The chronicler confesses that, although he has known many Russians, he has "no comprehension of the Russian character. The illogicality of their attitude, the arbitrariness of their conclusions, the frequency of the exceptional, should present no difficulty to the student of many grammars, but there must be something else in the way, some special human trait—one of those subtle differences that are beyond the ken of mere professors . . ." or of any mere Westerner, we take Mr. Conrad to mean. For the professor's story does not, as might be expected, suggest an interpretation of which he himself is unconscious: its last page leaves us almost as much in the dark as the first. We can only feel sure that certain actual facts have been presented, and that there is probably an explanation of them if we could only hit upon it. The central figure, Razumov, is a thinking young Russian, of scholarly habits and aims, who honestly believes in the stability and integrity of the Government. A prominent official is assassinated, and the slayer, a fellow-student, takes refuge with Razumov. Razumov betrays him to the police, and he is hanged. The victim's fellow-revolutionaries do not suspect Razumov of his part in the affair, and regard him as virtually one of them. The upshot is that presently the betrayer finds himself dispatched as a Government spy among the Russian revolutionaries in Switzerland. Here he becomes intimate with the mother and the sister of his victim, and falls in love with the latter. He lives in constant apprehension lest his responsibility for her brother's death should become known; but the hour arrives when he finds himself safe from suspicion, and an accepted lover. This is the moment of supreme test, and his way of meeting it—or the spirit in which he meets it—is the one thing in the book which appears natural and normal to Western eyes. Otherwise these pages might almost be a translation from the work of some Russian novelist—a version possessing the distinction of style which belongs to all of Mr. Conrad's writing.

The Money Moon. By Jeffery Farnol. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Whether or not, as rumor suggests, this novel is an earlier work than "The Broad Highway," its sources of inspiration are evidently the same. The action takes place in "the Garden of England," and concerns the adventures of a young man (an American, as it chances) of large fortune, imperturbable manner, and an excellent talent with his fists. Being crossed in love, he sets out upon a walking journey, walks five miles, travels ten in a hay-cart (this ride being varied by a fight with the wagoner), and brings up at the "Arcadia" of Dapplemere. The mistress of Dapplemere is named Anthea Devine, and our adventurer, Bellew, is of the opinion, at first sight of her, that she is "handsomer, lovelier, statelier, and altogether more desirable than all the beautiful ladies of King Arthur's court—or any other court soever." An incredible urchin, her nephew, has piloted him to her, and plays his ornamental part in the slight action that follows. This involves a rich and designing squire, who covets Miss Anthea for himself; a grasping and gasping tallow-chandler, who holds a mortgage on Dapplemere; and numerous peasants, servants, etc., who know their places in the comedy. Most of the male characters are either Georges or Adams, these being the robustious names Mr. Farnol evidently prefers to the "John" which has done such excellent service in recent romances—ever since Blackmore set the fashion in "Lorna Doone." Of course, our wandering George is destined to get the better of squire and tallow-chandler; to rescue Dapplemere for Miss Anthea, Miss Anthea for himself. The style is the style of "The Broad Highway"—a compound of Dickens and Borrow, pleasant enough in its reminders, but not quite clear of affectation.

In the Shadow of Islam. By Demetra Vaka. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

In "Haremlik" Mrs. Kenneth-Brown gave a study of the real life of Turkish women as contrasted with the traditional theory of it, developed long ago in Europe and cherished romantically to this day. The book found an audience, and the present story is a natural sequel. It is not a powerful piece of fiction. An American girl visits Turkey with the general intention of bringing the light of Western civilization to that darkened land. She possesses "radiant beauty": her lips, for example, "might have been chiseled by the hand of Praxiteles himself," and she is otherwise all that a heroine should be. She quickly discovers that Turks are not the totally benighted people she has fancied—that the harem, in particular, is not uniformly the abode of misery and despair, or even of ignorance. And it is not long before she finds herself strongly attracted to a handsome Turk, who makes love to her in a perfectly acceptable way. She is prevented from marrying him by an instinctive feeling that the act would entail a sort of infidelity to herself and to her race: she would have to lose her individuality and become like other Turkish wives. She draws back, to the fury of the Turk. Her consequent abduction, and the adventures which precede her rescue, are composed of good romantic materials, but they are rather mechanically composed. The truth is, the writer, who knows her modern Turkish soci-

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ety well, has no natural bent for story-telling, and would do better to cast her information frankly in the form of commentary.

THE AUTHOR OF "CRANFORD."

Mrs. Gaskell: Haunts, Homes, and Stories. By Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $5 net.

"Having spent the greater part of my life in the Gaskell country, and having discussed the novelist and her stories with those who knew her intimately, I have attempted to trace her scenes and characters to their originals; and wherever possible have let Mrs. Gaskell give her own descriptions and tell her own life story"—thus Mrs. Chadwick defines her pretensions in the preface to a thick volume of Gaskelliana, proffered in lieu of the biography proper which loyalty to the novelist's express wish forbids.

Mrs. Chadwick's extended labors only serve to confirm the opinion that the novelist's injunction was as wise as it was modest. The even tenor of her useful and serene life combined with the peculiarly innocuous quality of her genius—its "benign spirit," as a recent critic has it, in more properly tender phrase—to render her particularly liable to maladroit praises. One example will show how maladroit:

Mrs. Gaskell, says her present critic, who seldom attempts to distinguish between the art of living and the art of writing, "wrote for humanity's sake rather than for art's sake. When writing these little Lancashire sketches, Mrs. Gaskell always had her Sunday-school scholars in mind, and some of her short stories were published in the popular magazines for the benefit of the working classes."

Of all that Mrs. Chadwick has zealously assembled, the identification of particular buildings, and of local scenes and customs, which often appear minutely described in Mrs. Gaskell's pages, offers most of permanent interest; it is supplemented in almost every case by adequate illustration. Knutsford, the original Cranford, is treated at length; Henry Green's "Knutsford: Its Traditions and its History" being drawn upon to an even greater extent than the quotation marks indicate. Unfortunately, however, in the case of Higgins, the Knutsford Highwayman, whose house and amazing history Mrs. Gaskell commemorated in "The Squire's Story," Mr. Green's spirited account does not appear, but a tame abridgment instead. Of course, the invariably cited testimony of the aged Knutsfordite to whom Mr. Green lent a copy of "Cranford" is not omitted (" 'Why, sir! that "Cranford" is all about Knutsford; my old mistress, Miss Harker, is mentioned in it; and our poor cow, she did go to the field in a large flannel waistcoat, because she had burned herself in a lime-pit' "). A later and very entertaining chapter on Whitby, the "Monkshaven" of "Sylvia's Lovers," includes a less well-worn but equally conclusive proof of the habitual exactitude with which Mrs. Gaskell described actual places. Du Maurier

> when reading "Sylvia's Lovers," with a view to illustrating it, talked the matter over with . . . Charles Keene, and he, having made some sketches of Whitby the year before, offered to lend them to Du Maurier because they seemed to resemble the place described by Mrs. Gaskell. They did not learn until later that Whitby and Monkshaven were one and the same place.

Much less interesting are the efforts to assign fictitious characters to real originals. Readers of a later generation can better understand than share the pleasurable stir which the recognition of these portrayals occasioned in Mrs. Gaskell's own circle: "Even her children would sometimes recognize the characters, and say, 'Oh! so-and-so is just like Mr. Blank,' and she would reply, 'So he is, but I never meant it for him.' " The admission itself seems to convey a warning against a too serious insistence on such likenesses. Concerning the local worthies whose fame was thus unintentionally perpetuated—these human flies in amber—the authentic information Mrs. Chadwick offers is scanty and, for the most part, exceedingly dry.

But it is when it comes to the piecing together of a biography, or rather an autobiographical mosaic, from fragments of the author's fiction, that credulity halts amazed, between amusement and indignation. Would not the reluctant subject have found her worst fears realized here? Sketches of a few columns each in the Encyclopædia Britannica and the Dictionary of National Biography contain virtually all the data afforded by this book. Reiteration, conjecture, eulogy, and copious quotation—all too often re-duplicated—have swelled its bulk without enhancing its value. This patchwork design is bound to confuse the reader. Finding himself confronted on page 289 with precisely the same charming extract from Charlotte Brontë's correspondence which he has noted with interest on page 228, he may well wonder if he is not making a circuitous progress. The collection of comments and tributes which Mrs. Gaskell's writings and personality elicited from her contemporaries seems to be tolerably complete. Lord Houghton's dictum upon "Cranford": "The purest piece of humoristic description that has been added to English literature since Charles Lamb"—is the only familiar bit of laud which we have not found herein.

An Open Letter to Society. By "Convict 1776." New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. 75 cents net.

This is a remarkable document. It is introduced by Maud Ballington Booth, who tells us that the author has seen life in one or two of the far Western prisons. He himself explains that he is serving a sentence for the eighth time and hopes to be free in two or three years. For the rest, his account is utterly impersonal, save that the examples given are said to be the result of direct observation. There is no rancor or mawkish appeal, and the style in its composure and range of allusion suggests the days when Raleigh and Cervantes were "doing time." Quotations from Bacon, Epictetus, Homer, Shakespeare, and numerous out-of-the-way writers smile their approval upon his arguments. Whatever may be the force of his case when properly weighed, he at least succeeds in piquing the reader to know more of this well-stocked and well-poised mind and to learn what may be its criminal weakness.

After attempting to prove that, speaking widely and without reference to merely formal distinctions, there is no such thing as a "criminal class," since many in prison have some of the main and best characteristics of those without, he centres his argument on these points—the fallibility of judges in pronouncing sentence, and the motives which prompt to imprisonment, together with the working results of the present system. Of the first point he gives the scattered examples which any one might suspect really exist. A young man who forges a check for $35 while intoxicated gets the same amount of time as the forger for many thousands. While not in any way impugning the integrity of the bench, the writer insists that accidents must of necessity enter into its decisions, as well as into those of other human beings, and that one case of the kind does immeasurable harm. A prisoner with an unduly long term upon him finds himself surrounded with instances of the same crime judged more leniently, and losing his respect for justice, spreads his feeling widely. If bitterness is created in big institutions of the outer world by uneven and unjust promotions, how like hatred is the consciousness in prisons that justice is partial and ignorant. It is the writer's belief that justice would suffer less in the felon's estimation if judgment were passed, as it were, automatically, in accordance with a predetermined system. For though the element of clemency would be removed, to guard against the possibility of a judge seeming unfair is of infinitely more importance.

The great majority of persons to-day undoubtedly think of our prisons as a protector of society. To take a flagrant case, when an insane man commits murder he is locked up because people

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would not feel safe with him at large. Here the motive of the punishment is perfectly clear, and in the popular mind the same motive is present, however vaguely, with respect to other cases. It is to reveal the futility of this view and to replace it that the author of the "Open Letter" takes such pains. His main contention is that our prisons, as they are now conducted, endanger society more than they protect it. Convicts lacking encouragement, and often even the decency of fair treatment, are made irretrievable criminals, in the very institutions in which it is supposed that they are being corrected before release.

All of the author's contact with prisoners convinces him that the most effective view to take of punishment is as a corrective, pure and simple. He is aware of the efforts already being made to alleviate prison conditions and to install the practice of probation, but believes that the more fundamental question of point of view must be settled before real reform can be wrought. Is a convict to be thought of as a patient and as a victim of adverse conditions? "Convict 1776" believes that he is and that as such he should receive expert treatment. He does not urge that prisons be done away with, rather that prison discipline be regulated scientifically and made flexible enough to meet the needs of individual cases. He insists also that this more charitable regard for criminals would not impair the practice of those who try to deter the weak from crime by holding before them the fear of punishment; since the punishment administered under his plan would still be severe, though not barbarous. This is, of course, the crux of the whole matter, and we do not pretend to say that the author has established his case; but his Letter will be read with interest and profit by those who are grappling with the fundamental conceptions of penology.

Social Value: A Study in Economic Theory Critical and Constructive. By B. M. Anderson, jr., Ph.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1 net.

This work obtained for Mr. Anderson the second prize in the Hart, Schaffner & Marx Economic Prize Contest of 1910. It is really the outgrowth of investigations in the "quantity theory" of money carried on at the University of Missouri in the term 1904-5. Mr. Anderson became convinced at that time that a satisfactory general theory of value must underlie any adequate treatment of the problem of the value of money, and that there was little agreement among monetary theorists concerning the general theory of value. Time only deepened the feeling in his mind that the value problem remained unsolved. Hence the present book.

It has been prophesied in certain quarters that this work will rank as one of the most important contributions to economic theory of recent years, on the ground that it has remained for Mr. Anderson—to-day an instructor in political economy at Columbia University—to establish the positive conception of value upon the basis of a sound psychology and sociology. Certainly, that is no small feat. The world has heard much about "social value" of late years. In its most definite form the theory asserts that the value of an economic good is determined by, and precisely accords with, the marginal utility of the good to society, considered as a unitary organism. This conception, Mr. Anderson contends, has never been adequately developed or criticised, though its friends have found it a convenient and useful working hypothesis. The most searching investigation of the theory has come from unfriendly critics. Pitted against these, we now find Mr. Anderson, with a highly acute dialectic and an exceptional command of the literature of economics, pyschology, and philosophy.

Social marginal utility, as a determinant of value, cannot be, in our author's judgment, the marginal utility of a good to some particular individual who stands out as *the* marginal individual in society, nor can it be an average of individual marginal utilities, nor a sum of individual marginal utilities, nor any other possible arithmetical combination of individual marginal utilities. For the term, social marginal utility, he can find only a vague analogical meaning, if any at all, unless we identify it outright with social value, in which case it is a superfluous term, which itself not only explains nothing, but rather presents complications which call for explanation. Mr. Anderson finds no place for the social utility concept in his analysis. On the other hand, he finds the conception of social value a necessity for the validation of economic analysis, and a conception which he believes present-day psychological and sociological theory abundantly warrants us in accepting.

Mr. Anderson concerns himself with a "critique of current value theory," with "the presuppositions of economic theory," and with "a positive theory of social value." In discussing the first of these three aspects of his subject he asks, Is value a quantity or a relation? Unmistakably the former, is his answer. This at the start distinguishes him from the classical economists, and from the Austrian school (except Wieser). He traces three main stages in philosophic thought, both in the ancient and the modern world—dogmatism, skepticism, and criticism. The first of these stages is exemplified in the modern cycle by Descartes and Spinoza, the second by Hume, the movement away from skepticism beginning with Kant. We have in Hegel, especially, society to the fore, and the individual real only as a part of society. The failure to recognize all this has vitiated very much thinking in the field of economic theory. "Economic thought," Mr. Anderson declares, "is to-day very largely based on philosophic conceptions which characterized the period in which economics began to be a differentiated science—the skeptical doctrines of David Hume, the close friend of Adam Smith."

His contention is that society is an organism—that there is a mind of society. He holds that the mind of society, like the mind of a man, is primarily volitional, and not intellectual. The individual monad is a myth. His machinery of thought—language and logic—is socially given him, his ideals and interests, his tastes even in matters of food and drink, are socially given—apart from social intercourse his human-mental life would be mere potentiality. The values in the mind of an individual constitute, we are told, no self-complete and independent system, either in their origin, in their interactions, or in their consequences for action. Their "presuppositions" include elements in the minds of other men, and they themselves constitute part of the "presuppositions" of the values in the minds of other men. Finally, there are values which correspond to the values of no individual mind, great social values, whose presuppositions are tremendously complex, including individual values in the minds of many men, as well as other factors, great social values whose motivating power directs the activities of nations, of great industries, of literary and artistic "schools," of church and other social organizations, as well as the daily lives of every man and woman—impelling them in paths which no individual man foresaw or purposed.

Values, our author declares, are determined by multitudinous social forces. But values must be distinguished from prices. Values are quantities; prices are the ratios in which values exchange. The function of economic values is the motivation of the economic activities of society.

It is held by many that social optimism and social pessimism are in an essential way linked with the social theory of value. It is asserted by Professor Schumpeter, for example, that an optimistic social outlook is a necessary corollary of this theory. Wieser's objection to the doctrine that economic value signifies social importance is based on the belief that the doctrine means, not merely that society is responsible for the existing value situation, but also that that situation is consequently a just and righteous one. And he is not alone in this belief. Mr. Anderson contends, however, that no implication, either optimistic or pessimistic, as to the existing social order, can be drawn

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from the theory which he defends. Whether or not economic values in particular cases correspond with ethical values, whether or not goods are ranked on the basis of their import for the ultimate welfare of society, and the extent to which this is the case, will depend on the extent to which the ethical forces in society prevail over the anti-ethical. The justification of the existing social order, in his opinion, is to be sought elsewhere—the theory of economic value, as such, does not contain it.

The Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon. By Sir Henry Craik, K.C.B., LL.D. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.50 net.

The biography of any statesman who lives through and plays a prominent part in a long period of upheaval and revolution is bound to present unusual difficulties. Sometimes it is the story of clever and rapid shiftings with the ebbs and flows of political factions, sometimes the tale of obstinate, consistent adherence to a single platform, maintained alike in days of sunshine and in days of storm. The life of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, is a salient example of the latter sort. A moderate reformer in the years preceding the assembling of the Long Parliament, he gladly supported the first measures passed by that memorable assembly, such as the abolition of the Courts of Star Chamber and High Commission, and the restriction of the crown's extra-Parliamentary revenue; and he did not oppose the bill of attainder against Strafford. But a little later he broke with the more radical wing of the Puritan party in the struggles over the Root and Branch bill and the Grand Remonstrance, and finally, with his friends Falkland and Digby, was driven over to the Royalists when war was declared. Not that he had in the least abandoned his earlier enthusiasm for moderate reform—quite the reverse; the constitution of church and state as it had been before 1641 was only slightly less repugnant to him than it was to become after 1649; between the two extremes of monarchical absolutism and persecuting episcopacy on the one hand, and unchecked republicanism and rampant dissent on the other, he had sought a middle way. He cast in his lot with Charles when the crisis came, because the retention of the middle position was no longer possible, because of the excesses of the Puritan party, and of his innate loyalty to monarchical institutions, and perhaps also because he may have thought that there was more chance of his extorting liberal concessions from Charles after a few defeats in the field should have taught him wisdom, than of mitigating the revolutionary ardor of the Roundheads.

The ideal of Hyde was ultimately unrealizable, and in that very fact lies probably the best explanation of his failure to arouse the enthusiasm of modern historians in any such way as men like either Cromwell or Strafford have done. Yet the lesson taught by his career, and by the failure of the religious and political ideals for which he stood, was one which England had to learn, before she could hope to apply the principles of modern democracy.

Sir Henry Craik's book has much to recommend it. Though frankly favorable to Hyde, it is on the whole accurate in its statements of fact, and, save for the literary side of its subject's career (which Sir Henry has deliberately forborne to discuss), it is unusually full and complete. It is beautifully printed, and enriched by numerous excellent portraits. The trouble with it is that the author does not possess that fundamental knowledge of the period as a whole which is indispensable for any permanently satisfactory biography of a man of Clarendon's importance. Evidences of this may be found at frequent intervals. Significant, for example, are the persistent attacks on the late Professor Gardiner, whom Sir Henry accuses of "contempt" and "rancor" in his judgments of Hyde; no one who really knows the seventeenth century would thus characterize the man to whom, above all others, our present full and accurate knowledge of the period is due. More serious are an indefinable lack of sureness of touch, and a complete absence of anything like "light and shade." Sir Henry does not seem in the least to realize where and what the real turning-points are. He does not distinguish the important from the unimportant; as much emphasis is often laid upon the insignificant details of Hyde's private life as upon his action in grave constitutional crises; and the final result is that a "pleasing haze" gradually spreads itself over the entire picture. In his preface, Sir Henry discusses, without arriving at any very definite conclusion, the problem of entering "the domain of History by the pathway of Biography," of determining "how far it is permissible to stray from the narrow pathway we have chosen and expatiate upon aspects of the time, which do not fall within the personal experience of him whose life we attempt to portray." The answer, as far as the finished product goes, will vary widely; but there can be no question that the background of general knowledge which the really competent biographer should have in his head, should be far wider than is usually the case in these days. However narrowly the limits of the "life" may be restricted, evidences, direct or indirect, of the presence or absence, as the case may be, of such a background are ultimately certain to crop out.

Notes

A complete edition of the works of O. Henry, to be known as the Manuscript Edition, is in preparation by Doubleday, Page & Co. Only 125 sets (each consisting of twelve volumes) will be printed; the price will be $120—$100 if subscribed before the date of publication.

The following numbers of Holt's Home University Library will be issued immediately: "The Civil War," by Prof. F. L. Paxson; "The Dawn of History," by Prof. J. L. Myres; "The Papacy and Modern Times," by Rev. William Barry; "A History of Our Times" (1885-1911), by C. P. Gooch; "The Civilization of China," by Prof. H. A. Giles; "Modern English Literature," by G. H. Mair; "The Evolution of Industry," by Prof. D. H. Macgregor, and "Elements of English Law," by Prof. W. M. Geldart. Messrs. Holt have found it desirable to change the form of future issues in such a way that they can be sold at fifty cents the volume.

In Frederick A. Stokes's list of announcements for publication this spring we note, in fiction: "Vane of the Timberlands," by Harold Bindloss; "Cap'n Joe's Sister," by Alice Louise Lee; "A Painter of Souls," by David Lisle; "To M. L. G.," anonymous; "Buttered Side Down," by Edna Ferber, and "Stover at Yale," by Owen Johnson.—Miscellaneous: "Boys' Book of Steamships," by J. R. Howden; "A Negro Explorer at the North Pole," by Matt Henson, and "The Montessori Method," translated from the Italian by Anna E. George.

Arnold Bennett is bringing out, through the George H. Doran Company, a volume of short stories, entitled "The Matador of the Five Towns, and Other Stories."

The same house announces: "The Davosers," by Dorothy Brandon; "The Noble Rogue," by Baroness Orczy; "Fame-Seekers," by Mrs. Alice Woods Ullman, and "The Simpkins Plot," by G. A. Birmingham.

Included in Moffat, Yard & Co.'s forthcoming series dealing with the regeneration of the race, and having the general title New Tracts for the Times, are the following: "Literature—The Word of Life or of Death," by the Rev. William Canon Barry; "Modern Industrialism and Race-Regeneration," by C. F. G. Masterman; "Religion and Race-Regeneration," by the Rev. F. B. Meyer; "Social Environment and Moral Progress," by A. Russel Wallace; "National Ideals and Race-Regeneration," by the Rev. R. F. Horton; "The Spiritual Life and Race-Regeneration," by the Bishop of Durham; "Womanhood and Race-Regeneration," by Mary Scharlieb, and "Education and Race-Regeneration," by Sir John Gorst.

The parts of Matthew Arnold's works dealing with educational problems will be brought out in one volume by Smith & Elder; Leonard Huxley is the editor.

"Cardinal Newman's Life," by Wilfrid Ward, will be brought out shortly by Longmans.

The new "Who's Who" for 1912 comes to us from Macmillans, with 2,364 pages this year, against 2,246 last year. There are no

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novel features to report, and indeed we can think of no changes that would better the general style and plan of the book.

China occupies the most prominent place in the December number of the *National Geographic Magazine*. Frederic McCormick, the well-known war correspondent at Peking, tells of the present conditions in the country and throws much light on the causes of the revolution. His sympathies are not with the rebels, for he believes that the Manchu policy of a centralized government is the best for the people. A visit to its largest province, Szechuan, is narrated by R. T. Chamberlin, who calls attention to the fact that it is one of the most productive regions in the world, through its wonderful irrigation works, some of which were constructed 2,100 years ago. Hugh M. Smith, deputy commissioner of fisheries, gives much information about the Alaskan fur seal, which since 1867 have diminished from about four million to 150,000, mainly through pelagic sealing. Through the prohibition of this and the scientific supervision of the herds he anticipates confidently the restoration of the old conditions. An interesting account of the sacred city of Kairowan, in Tunis, with its eighty-five mosques, some of which have remarkable architectural decorations, is given by F. E. Johnson. The closing article is President Taft's Cincinnati address on the arbitration treaties revised by him for publication in the magazine. There are eighty-three illustrations and two maps.

Under the title "Poets and Poetry" (Clarendon Press; Frowde) John Bailey has collected in book form a number of his reviews which have appeared in the literary supplement of the London *Times*. Though in the nature of the case lacking the freedom of essays, they contrive to bring breadth and freshness into the discussions and to fire the reader with no little enthusiasm for literature. The author's style has a background of simple eloquence, which is controlled by a habit of vigorous thought. Typical of the book is the delicate insight of the following passage:

> The fact, perhaps, is that the pleasurable excitement afforded by metre, and the higher mood in which poetry is usually written, carry us into an atmosphere in which we are less conscious of changed fashions in thought and expression than we inevitably are in prose. There is in poetry an element of strangeness which makes us ready to welcome a certain unlikeness to our ways of speech and our own point of view. But that is not so in prose.

Volumes nine to twelve of Longman's "Collected Works of William Morris" bring this magnificent edition half-way to completion. In running over the Introductions of Miss May Morris, the eye is caught by the first words in the volume containing "The Æneids of Virgil": "Now and then amid these notes I try to pause and take breath; but the poet, translator, designer, engraver, illuminator, scribe, allows one no time." It is this multiplicity of interests that forms the chief interest of Morris's life and produces the chief characteristic of his work, at least of his literary work. We are carried on breathlessly, but cry out at times for a relaxation of energy. Miss Morris, it must be added, has been happily successful through these contributions in keeping her father's manifold interests in sight without confusing the reader. In the volume just mentioned, for instance, besides giving the proper data in regard to the translation of the "Æneid" and the great illuminated book in which it was to appear, she writes an interesting account of Morris's activities as a dyer and of his difficulties in procuring durable dyes. Perhaps the most astonishing thing in Morris's method of composition was not his speed of writing, but the amount of revision his principal works underwent, though it is still characteristic that this revision commonly took the form of completely rewriting instead of the correcting and filing which less impulsive authors employ. Some hints of this method—already well enough known, for that matter—with some fragments from his MSS., we get in the Introductions to two other volumes in the present instalment, "Sigurd" and "Love is Enough." The important MSS. of the former are in the British Museum, and from one of these Miss Morris quotes a long rejected passage from the dialogue of Sigurd and Brynhild in Brynhild's chamber. Some of these lines flow with splendid passion, but even more interesting in a way is the ballad stanza from the first draft of "Sigurd," showing how the poem started in his mind:

> There was a dwelling of Kings
> Ere the world was waxen old,
> Dukes were the door-wards there
> And the roof was thatched with gold.

Miss Morris tells us that "Sigurd" was always regarded by her father as his crowning achievement. Not often does a poet estimate his own work so justly. The fourth volume contains "Three Northern Love Stories" and "Beowulf." The illustrations, excellent photogravures, give pictures of Morris and his family, Burne-Jones's designs for the great "Æneid," etc.

Miss Lilian Whiting assures us that her new book, "The Brownings—Their Life and Art" (Little, Brown), is a work "than which none was ever more completely a labor of love." It was, we are further informed, from its initiation, "invested with the cordial assent" of Mr. Robert Barrett Browning; it was also "invested with added charm" by the courtesy of various publishers; it was clothed on by the "characteristically lovely kindness" of "Edith Contessa Rucellai (nata Bronson)," who put at the disposal of the author a number of unpublished letters written by Browning to Mrs. Arthur Bronson. Its chief investiture, however—not to break the wind of the poor phrase—is due to the writer herself—an all-enveloping atmosphere, quivering with sympathy, redolent of culture, glowing with romantic enthusiasm, and iridescent and fragrant with the colors and flowers of speech. The fact is, that Miss Whiting's pen is particularly susceptible to three intoxicants—poetry, love, and society; and in this theme she tastes all three in delicious—not to say delirious—union. In this peerless pair she sees the Romeo and Juliet of her dream of the life of art. Before the exquisite idyll of their married life, language swoons and imagination clasps its hands in ecstasy. According to other biographies, there were occasional ripples in the stream of their intercourse—illnesses, misunderstandings, even some sharp differences of opinion respecting the value of spiritualistic mediums; for, in short, there was a certain human element even in the Brownings. Miss Whiting diligently breaks all the thorns from the roses, and goes about to strain the salt from the sea. No masculine contempt or black fits of passion, no feminine pique or petulance, does she suffer to serve as a foil to the cloying sweetness of the story. Yet she never forgets that she is writing primarily a social biography of the poet-lovers. Where they dined, and whom they met, description of the guests, their station in life, beauty and intellectual achievements, maiden names if matrons, description of salons, mosaics, palest green flush of Venetian windows, richly painted ceilings, portraits, pastels, rare souvenirs, swinging lamps, rustling of pearl satin gowns with flowing trains—it is perhaps by the enchanting sensuous ardor with which she realizes these things for us that Miss Whiting excels all previous biographers.

The "Encyclopædia of Sports and Games," (second ed., Lippincott), edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, is virtually a new publication, for the first edition was largely in the nature of an experiment and included certain activities which are not properly sports. These have been omitted in the present edition and their places taken by sports which have developed in the last decade, notably aeronautics and motoring. The former was omitted from the earlier volumes due to the non-existence of aeroplanes, and the latter because it lacked competitive character. The subject of aeronautics is treated in two parts—heavier than air machines and dirigible balloons—and is written by the well-known authority, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. The history of the aeroplane begins with the first efforts with gliders in England. The British experiments with these machines came to a sudden end after the death of Lilienthal and Pilcher, but in America the work progressed with the experiments of Chanute, Herring, Langley, and others. The actual beginning of practical flying is credited to the Wrights of America, who made their first successful flying machine with an engine in 1903, though not until 1905 did they succeed in flying a considerable distance—24¼ miles. Two years later, Santos Dumont, Voisin, Blériot, and others came on the scene. In 1908, when the Wrights made their first trip to Europe, the sport of flying began to grow by leaps and bounds. The article is capitally illustrated with pictures of all types of machines and their component parts. Ballooning is brought up to date and the picures of dirigibles are excellent.

The article on motoring gives many interesting facts. The prototypes of the present high-power motor car were the steam coaches, which were run on London streets by Trevithick in 1803. The Daimler gas engine made its first appearance in 1883, but was not practicable until 1885, in which year the Benz machine was first seen. The first application of the gas engine to motor cars was made in 1886, when Daimler fitted a motor to a four-wheeled wagonette. In the first road race, held in England, in 1894, the victor was a De Dion steam car which covered eighty miles in about six hours. Soon after that France began to make great strides in the gasolene car and for a long time was ahead of the world in this industry. Valuable details are given of car and engine construction, together with the records of racing up to 1911.

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The use and the manufacture of bicycles are described exhaustively. The article on dogs is elaborate and valuable to both owners and breeders. W. R. H. Garland, in a copiously illustrated article, writes authoritatively on driving. In the section on tennis, the part devoted to the game in this country is very deficient. The same fault may be found with the account of yachting, which is a remarkably comprehensive history of the sport on the other side of the water, but which makes only casual mention of the America's cup races. Being in four volumes, the work is much more convenient than the two-volume first edition; the type is clear and the illustrations are good.

Dr. William H. Allen's new volume, "Woman's Part in Government—Whether She Votes or Not" (Dodd, Mead), is a valuable handbook for women who desire opportunities for service to city and State. It is essentially a text-book, giving many facts, asking many pertinent questions, and suggesting scientific methods of making effective the volunteers' work now undertaken in almost every field by public-spirited women. Dr. Allen's sub-title indicates that his book is intended for women with or without the ballot, but it is interesting to note that he puts on record his belief that the time is coming before long when women will not only be permitted, but will be expected, to vote.

The primary title of "The Village Labourer, 1760-1832, a Study in the Government of England before the Reform Bill" (Longmans, Green), by J. L. Hammond and Barbara Hammond, is somewhat misleading. The village laborer receives but comparatively scant consideration in a general survey of the life of the poor of this time; nor is the work strictly "A Study in the Government of England before the Reform Bill," but rather what the authors assert in the preface, an attempt "to show what was, in fact, happening to the working classes under a government in which they had no share." The authors have waded through an intricate mass of documentary records and papers, and have taken account of some traditional and hearsay evidence. Unfortunately, however, there is a suspicion that an *ex-parte* case is advocated, and that there is another side to the question. On p. 26 the authors write:

> We are not concerned to corroborate or to dispute the contention that enclosure made England more productive, or to discuss the merits of progress in the eighteenth century. Our business is with the changes that the enclosures carried in the social structure of England.

In this dissertation the reader is provided with an arraignment of the integrity of royalty, the arrogance of the nobility and aristocracy, the abuse of parliamentary power and procedure, the injustice of the judiciary, the partiality of commissioners—in fact, everything conceivable, to prove that all forces were combined with wilful intent upon robbing and suppressing the poor. A very sad case is made out, and with much truth, no doubt, but there is a significant absence of any reference to the honest objects of the Enclosure acts, and why so many were enacted during the period referred to; to their public policy as a means to agricultural progress, to whether they increased the productivity and resources of the state. No mention is made of the all-important fact that England at this critical time was, perhaps more than ever, fighting for her very existence in her wars with European nations and with America, and that the enormous expense of these wars weighed very heavily upon all classes all over the country. The efforts of such famous and earnest champions of the poor as Pitt, Fox, and Edmund Burke, as well as the very effective opposition which the Whigs exerted to the Tories and "the governing class," get no recognition. Not enough is made of the many mechanical inventions of the time, which served immensely to alleviate agricultural distress, to provide employment for laborers, and to relieve the poor generally; and there is no serious condemnation of law-breakers.

It is not so much with the land of the Walloons as with that of the Flemings, the northern half of the country, that Clive Holland is concerned in his book on "The Belgians at Home" (Little, Brown). There is nothing profound in the volume, the facts and impressions of which were gathered by the author while touring on his bicycle. But he tells picturesquely what he has seen and furnishes a pleasant guide-book for travellers. He finds the military and official classes less insolent than is usual on the Continent. Industry is everywhere, no doubt because nearly eight millions of people must live (and they do so comfortably) on fewer than twelve thousand square miles, much of which is sandy and unfertile. In Ghent and Bruges he lingered longest, cities where the impression is apt to steal upon one that Belgium more than any other country is the land of art. Of the illustrations, all full-page, sixteen by Douglas Snowdon are in color, and twenty are from the author's photographs. There is a good index of names and dates.

Although a sister of Henry VIII and a Queen of France, Mary Tudor lacked sufficient ability and positive character to make herself more than a pawn in the political game, and, except for the years 1514-1516, led an uneventful existence that left little to record. In "Mary Tudor, Queen of France" (Putnam), Mary Croom Brown has verified and set forth pleasantly the few facts already known about her, and has described at length her family, friends, and environment. Mary's letters, however, have all been printed before, either in full or in abstract; the portraits are familiar, and the retelling of the general history of the period has not added anything to our knowledge. A few new but minor facts are adduced, the most important of which—the changing of the date of Mary's birth from 1496 to 1495—is not convincingly set forth. A little wider search in family histories and in French manuscript repositories might have yielded some new and perhaps important material. Except for the fact that the spelling of many quotations has been modernized, and that of others given in the original, the book is scholarly; and, while it was hardly necessary to retell so much familiar narrative to elucidate Mary's share in it, and while the constant presence of so many larger figures and issues robs Mary of real prominence in her own biography, this is the best life of her yet written.

In the first volume of his "Pioneer Priests of North America" (reviewed in the *Nation*, October 8, 1908), the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J., confined himself to the Jesuit mission to the Iroquois, made famous by the heroism of such men as Jogues, Bressani, Chaumonot, and Ragueneau. In the second and third volumes, now issued (New York: The American Press), he takes up the story of the Huron mission and the mission to the Algonquins. The first of these two volumes includes an account of the early Acadian mission, with special reference to the lives of Biard and Masse. As might be expected, Father Campbell shows Peter Biard in a more favorable light than Parkman, accepting unreservedly his own account of the capture of Port Royal by Argall in 1613; but a knowledge of all the facts will scarcely acquit Biard of complicity in the attack on his fellow-countrymen, and his subsequent career hardly bears out the assertion that he possessed "the usual Jesuitical virtue of sincerity." On the history of the Huron mission, and of the lives of the Christian martyrs whose names must be forever associated with it, the author is admirably full. His account, together with Father Jones's elaborate memoir on "Old Huronia" (Fifth Report of the Bureau of Archives for the Province of Ontario, 1908), of which he has made excellent use, may be accepted as almost the last word on one of the most dramatic and tragic incidents in the history of New France.

The third volume of Father Campbell's work, devoted to the labors of Jesuit missionaries among the Algonquins, necessarily takes us much farther afield. The Hurons were confined to a comparatively small region; the Algonquins were scattered over half a continent. We follow Buteux to the upper waters of the St. Maurice; Druillettes to Sault Ste. Marie; Albanel to Hudson Bay; Allouez to Lake Superior; Marquette to the Mississippi; Rale to the Abnaki country, and Aulneau to the Lake of the Woods. The author has not only brought together material from widely scattered printed sources, but he has added new facts, dug out of the archives at Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa, which often throw an entirely new light on the men and their achievements. Father Campbell's chief fault as an historian is a certain lack of perspective and proportion. All the Jesuit missionaries of New France were heroes, apostles, saints; superlatives are applied indiscriminately; emotionalism runs riot. However deserving, Brébeuf, Lalemant, Daniel, and one or two others may have been, there is little in the life of Aulneau to justify such praise as "a hero and perhaps a saint," and nothing whatever to support the comparison of Aulneau to Jogues—"those two young apostles." Father Aulneau, by the evidence of his own letters, quoted by Father Campbell, went to Fort St. Charles, La Vérendrye's trading post on the Lake of the Woods, because he was ordered to do so by his superior. It was "the hardest trial of his life"; it filled him with "intense aversion." When he finally reached Fort St. Charles, he gave La Vérendrye no peace until he had started him back again towards civilization, and the explorer's son had to accompany him as a guide and companion. Aulneau,

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young La Vérendrye, and their men were all murdered by the Sioux, on an island in the Lake of the Woods.

"The Chattanooga Campaign," by Michael Hendrick Fitch, is the fourth number of the series called Original Papers and published by the Wisconsin History Commission. Mr. Fitch is a military man, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, who served in the Civil War in the Twenty-first Wisconsin Infantry. The present work is a somewhat detailed account of the military movements beginning with the march of the Union army from Murfreesboro, June 23, 1863, and ending with the Battle of Missionary Ridge, November 25, 1863. In matters military, Col. Fitch seems well informed, and the significance of the various movements and battles leading up to the taking of Chattanooga, as well as the importance of the whole campaign, is clearly indicated. Yet when it comes to individual battles the layman finds it difficult to follow the narrative intelligently. This seems to be due partly to the fact that the author has not the highest skill in subordinating and grouping details, and partly to the fact that the maps, all of which are adapted from Fiske's "The Mississippi Valley in the Civil War," are not elaborate enough for so detailed a narrative. We are not told what the author's sources of information were, but from the few citations one judges that the Rebellion Records have been used primarily. Col. Fitch aims to present all the facts and to draw the just conclusion, and so far as we can judge he has not fallen far short of his aim. When he ventures away from military matters, which he rarely does, his judgments reveal the point of view of the men of '61, who saved the Union.

Among the Knights created at New Year are several who have won distinction in literature and education: Valentine Chirol of the London *Times;* Prof. Henry Jones, known especially for his studies in Browning; H. A. Miers, principal of the University of London; B. C. A. Windle, president of the University of Cork, and Rider Haggard. E. K. Chambers, an investigator of Elizabethan drama, receives the C.B.

Henry Labouchere, the editor of the London *Truth,* died at his villa in Florence on Tuesday. He was born in London in 1831, and after graduating from Cambridge travelled in Mexico and the United States. Always possessed of a fondness for adventure, he joined a party of Indians at St. Paul, with whom he lived for six months. He entered diplomatic service in 1854, and for two years was a member of the English Legation at Washington. In Parliament he was always accounted an interesting figure; he was a pronounced Radical, who contrived to hold the respectful attention of the House. He was in Paris during the siege, and wrote a most realistic account of it. After some connection with the *World* he started *Truth,* which kept London both amused and alarmed at his clever personal sallies. Failing in health, he had lived in Italy since 1906.

Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, whose death in his seventy-second year is reported from London, was one of the ablest writers in the British army. Among his works are "Popular History of Ashanti Campaign," "Hostilities Without Declaration of War," "Official History of 1882 Campaign," and "National Defences."

The death is reported from England, at the age of forty-eight, of Rosamund Marriott Watson, a writer of some choice poems on nature, including "The Ballad of the Bird-Bride, and other Poems," "A Summer Night, and other Poems," "After Sunset," and "The Heart of a Garden."

The Rev. Dr. James Oswald Dykes, who died recently at Edinburgh, aged seventy-six, was principal emeritus of Westminster College, Cambridge, and the author of several works on religious subjects, among them "Beatitudes of the Kingdom," "Plain Words on Great Themes," and "The Divine Worker in Creation and Providence."

Another Scotch writer, Francis Espinasse, is dead at the age of eighty-seven. He was a close friend of Carlyle, who directed him in his literary plans. Later he contributed to the Dictionary of National Biography, and was the author of "Voltaire" and "Renan" in the Great Writers series.

The Russian novelist, N. N. Zlatovratsky, is dead. Together with others of his school he hoped for a regeneration of the upper classes through a return to the homely virtues of the peasants. "Golden Hearts," "Everyday Life in the Village," "Peasant Jurymen," and "Foundation" fairly represent the tendencies of his faith.

Science

Forthcoming science books in Holt's Home University Library include: "Psychical Research," by Prof. W. F. Barrett; "An Introduction to Science," by Prof. J. Arthur Thomson, and "Astronomy," by A. R. Hinks.

Moffat, Yard & Co. announce the immediate publication of a new series dealing with the regeneration of the race, and bearing the general title, New Tracts for the Times. The first three volumes, which will be issued this month, are: "The Problem of Race-Regeneration," by Dr. Havelock Ellis; "The Methods of Race-Regeneration," by Dr. C. W. Saleeby, and "The Declining Birth-Rate—Its National and International Significance," by Dr. A. Newsholme. Another scientific member of the series is "The Problems of Sex," by Prof. J. A. Thomson and Prof. P. Geddes.

"Medical and Surgical Science," by Dr. S. Hillier, is in Stokes's spring list.

Fannie Merritt Farmer's "Catering for Special Occasions" (David McKay) includes twelve subjects: New Year's Afternoon Teas, St. Valentine's Spreads, Easter Dinners, Thanksgiving Dinners, Wedding Receptions, Birthday Feasting, Children's Parties, etc. For each there is a half-tone engraving of a set table, two to three menus, and the directions for their preparation. Marginal decorations, attractive type, and good paper combine to make a pleasing appearance.

Mushroom collectors will be interested in the little "Mushroom Hand Book" (Ogilvie), by Elizabeth L. Lathrop. Twenty of the more common varieties are simply described, in as many brief chapters, accompanied by illustrations to mark their characteristic features. Chapter xxi gives some recipes.

How to combine unrelated bits into tempting dishes is told by Helen C. Clarke and Phoebe D. Rulon, in four hundred or more recipes, under the title of "The Cook Book of Left-Overs" (Harper). Both of the authors have had experience as instructors in cookery and dietetics.

A unique idea is Ruth Alden's "Corona Cook Book" (Abbey Co.). Each recipe is printed on a separate card and filed under its proper classification, in the manner of a card index, and the whole is contained in a trim case fashioned in imitation of a book. New recipes can be added and set in alphabetical order by the owner.

A writer in the *Revue de Paris* gives an interesting sketch of the considerable thought and experiment devoted to aviation by Frenchmen in the eighteenth century, and particularly from 1781 to 1785. The author of a secret correspondence thus describes a hydroplane invented by François Blanchard, in the inventor's own words:

On one foot, in the form of a cross, is placed a little boat four feet long and two feet wide, very sturdy, although constructed with slender rods [*minces baguettes*]; on two sides of the structure rise two poles six to seven feet long, which support four wings, each ten feet long; together these form a parasol twenty feet in diameter, and, consequently, more than sixty feet in circumference. The four wings move with surprising facility. The machine, though voluminous, can easily be lifted by two men. It is almost completed; all that has still to be done is to put on the covering, for which I hope to use taffeta, and I shall do it to the best of my ability. After that you will see me rising to whatever height I please, going an immense distance in no time, descending where I wish, even on the water, for my ship can do it. . . .

Of Blanchard's experiments we hear nothing, unfortunately, because ballooning soon became the rage. After sheep, chickens, and ducks had been sent up, men were emboldened to try it themselves. The whole country became tremendously excited, and it seemed as though the control of the air had already been won. Literature glowed with the glory of France and its "pioneers of the air." Histories of aerial navigation and treatises explaining how to fly were legion. "Monsieur Sens-froid" and "Monsieur Tout-de-feu" tore each other's hair in the *Année littéraire.* The theatre took up the craze, and on October 19, 1783, there was presented at the Comédie Italienne "Le Cabriolet volant, ou Arlequin-Mahomet," of which the following is the scenario:

A mechanician presents Arlequin with a flying carriage, which he uses to escape from his creditors. Arrived in a foreign country, he learns that a princess, having refused to marry a king who seeks her hand, has shut herself up in a tower to resist the attack of the furious, disdained lover. Arlequin assumes the robes of Mahomet, enters the tower with his machine, announces himself like the prophet, is revered, adored, and finishes by cutting off the head of the besieger.

It was natural that the new world opening before them should have gone to the heads of the poets, even as to-day a Breton poet is insisting that the aeroplane is accomplishing France's moral regeneration. One poet wrote:

> Sur mer comme sur terre
> Nous allons dominer,
> Rien ne pourra nous résister.
> Nous lancerons la foudre
> Où bon nous semblera
> Par les moyens du gaz . . .

Characteristically, before the science had

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progressed far, Frenchmen were concerning themselves with most of the regulations which to-day are under discussion. So they required that a man should use only his own machine. No one not thoroughly skilled in the science should be permitted to construct machines. The machine should be kept in a public depot and could be used by individuals if provided with a chauffeur licensed by the Government. Considerable thought was also given to ways and means of policing the air.

New Year honors include the names of several scientists. Among the Knights are Dr. E. B. Tylor, who is eminent in anthropology; Dr. J. H. Benson, president of the Royal College of Physicians, Ireland; Dr. R. J. Collie, who has written on workmen's compensation; Dr. J. M. Davidson, well known for his work in the X-ray; A. B. Kempe, barrister and mathematician, and Dr. W. F. Barrett, the physicist.

We regret that, following an error in the daily press, we reported last week the death of Dr. Algernon Coolidge, jr., professor of laryngology in the Harvard Medical School. The notice should have referred to Dr. Algernon Coolidge, senior, of Boston, who graduated from the Harvard Medical School in 1853, and has died at the age of eighty-one.

Drama

The Children's Educational Theatre. By Alice Minnie Herts. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25 net.

The record of her six years' labor in the Children's Educational Theatre, in connection with the work of the Educational Alliance, which Miss Herts has summarized in this little volume, is a most interesting and valuable addition to modern theatrical literature. Particularly is it significant in its bearing upon the highest and most legitimate functions of the stage. No student of the social problems among the poorer classes, which are daily becoming more urgent, should fail to read it. Having done so, most persons, even ardent Sabbatarians, will regret that the operation of the Sunday law should have put an end, if only temporarily, to an enterprise so philanthropic and so logical. The object and nature of the work are probably unknown to the general public—although familiar enough to East Side settlement workers—and it is well that they should be explained. In the first place it must be clearly understood that neither Miss Herts, nor her associates, in organizing the Children's Educational Theatre, ever had the least notion of qualifying the young performers for a dramatic career, or of influencing their ambitions in that direction. The teachers did not concern themselves with elocution, pose, or gesture, or other technical accomplishments included in the art of acting, but simply strove, by an appeal to the dramatic instinct, the joy in make-believe so deeply rooted in all child nature, to stimulate imagination, instil morality, and thus administer wholesome instruction in the guise of amusement.

This actually was a practical application of the philosophy in which the theatre as an institution finds its strongest vindication. Those who would know how the end justified the means must be referred to the pages of Miss Herts, which are crammed with the most pregnant illustrations and examples. The mere fact that, in a wonderfully short space of time, these almost illiterate children were capable of giving intelligent performances of such plays as "The Tempest" and "As You Like It," is but a small part of the story. For each play there were many different casts, one as good as another, and there was a constant interchange of parts among the players. Not only this, but each child was encouraged to play his part, according to his own conception of it. Moreover the children supplied the carpenters, the scene-shifters, the property-men, and the orchestra. They helped to make the scenery and the costumes. The carpenter of to-day might be the leading man of to-morrow. Punctuality, order, industry, coöperation, obedience, discipline of every kind were rigorously enforced and eagerly adopted. In the study of diverse characters, the practice of new and strange employments, and the observance of new manners, relations, and responsibilities, the children underwent an unconscious transformation, acquiring the rudiments of a civilization of which the influence was soon reflected in their homes. It is a fascinating and suggestive story told by Miss Herts, with a most eloquent and convincing simplicity.

She leaves no room for doubt of the enormous social value of the work which was abandoned, in deference to public principle, just when its beneficial effect was beginning to be widespread. Doubtless, she is right when she declares that any attempt to reëstablish it upon a paying financial basis would make it valueless. A nominal charge for admission to performances, which if wholly free would attract unmanageable crowds—as experience has proved—is essential, but anything more would defeat the whole intent of the scheme. But she is the victim of a common delusion when she argues that the fundamental principle of her juvenile theatre—edification in amusement—is inapplicable to the commercial stage. Her own experience ought to have taught her the contrary. The parrot cry of the modern manager that he must give what the public demands has no truth in it. The public has no means of making a demand. It has to take what it can get. It generally selects the best.

Percy MacKaye will bring out, through Stokes, "To-morrow," a play in three acts.

"A Butterfly on the Wheel," a play which enjoyed much public favor in London, and is running successfully in the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre here, must be counted among the more notable productions of the season, because it is cleverly written, contains one remarkably effective act, and is uncommonly well presented. It is the work of two eminent English lawyers, E. G. Hemmerde, K. C., and Francis Neilson, M. P., and is supposed to imply a protest against the license permitted to cross-examiners in the British Divorce Court, by which an innocent defendant might conceivably be made to appear guilty. Dramatically, as a whole, it is of small account, because the premises of the presented case, though barely possible, are highly improbable and plainly manufactured to meet the exigencies of a desired situation, and because the heroine, who is involved in the legal toils, is made to behave so foolishly that her conviction in any court must have been almost a foregone conclusion. The whole story, indeed, is incredible. But the scene in which she is cross-examined on the witness stand, is an extraordinarily realistic reproduction of an actual incident in English divorce court proceedings. It does, in its way, hold the mirror up to nature and creates a very positive illusion. The interior of the court, with the presiding justice, the be-wigged and gowned barristers, the jury, witnesses, spectators, and attendants, is a copy of the original, photographic in its accuracy, and the details of the trial itself are no less accurate. The impersonation of the leading barrister for the prosecution by Sidney Valentine is a little masterpiece of legal comedy. The professional carriage of the actor, the significance of his tone and gesture, his elaborate courtesies, his irony, his virtuous indignation, his guileful insinuations, and his triumphant retorts are all features of a highly finished and thoroughly artistic study. Such work is very rare on the stage to-day. Miss Madge Titheradge, the clever daughter of the distinguished Australian actor, who enacts the harassed heroine, also acts exceedingly well, with great variety of mood and manner—in which confidence, hesitancy, confusion, and increasing alarm are vividly portrayed—and at the last, when all her defences have been broken down, with true and eloquent emotion. Every player in the cast is capable and this fact gives the representation a special value.

The exhibition of her artistic resources in Owen Johnson's translation of Maurice Donnay's "The Return from Jerusalem," now to be seen in the Hudson Theatre, is the most convincing justification of her Parisian reputation which Madame Simone has yet afforded in this country. It demonstrates her polished skill in comedy and her power of emotional expression. It is easy to understand why the play created a great stir in Paris, coming, as it did, at a time when prejudices were inflamed by the Dreyfus case, and, beyond question, it is cleverly made and in many places brilliantly written, with many elements of theatrical strength, but it is not a great or particularly significant drama. In its innumerable discussions upon the rights and wrongs of men and women—into which the question of mutual responsibilities never enters—anarchism, free love, Hebraism, and what not, it opens up no new aspect, offers no fresh solutions. Its main story of the gifted, resolute, fanatical, and in-

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spired Jewess—supposed to be symbolical of the Semitic peril—is, like that of so many other thesis plays, based upon a special instance, which can have no general application. The end—under the prescribed circumstances—is perfectly logical, but proves nothing, except that the stronger nature will dominate the weaker, and that in the clash of interests the latter is likely to suffer. Michael Aubier, a brilliant Gentile author and visionary, a happy husband, and affectionate father, is fascinated by the intellectual glitter of the Jewish Judith, then loves her passionately, but hesitates to wrong his wife and children. She chides his irresolution, enlarges upon the rights of pre-ordained affinities, and upon the glorious work they might achieve together in the enlightenment and regeneration of the world. After a jealous quarrel with his wife, he starts with his enchantress, now his mistress in more senses than one, for Jerusalem, where she is transported with new racial ardor. For a space he lives in a fool's paradise, until he discovers, by bitter experience, that she is Jewess first and philanthropist afterward, and that the Utopia she dreams of is a Hebrew one. After a passionate scene they part, mutually disillusioned, and he finds himself alone in the world, bereft of happiness and hope, unless, indeed, he can effect a reconciliation with the once doting wife who is divorcing him. It is only in the conditions which existed in Paris a few years ago that such a play would seem to be laden with pregnant meaning. But it does provide a splendid opportunity for Madame Simone, whose Judith is a creature fully capable of the mischief she is supposed to do—fascinating, intellectual, and courageous, seductive and, upon occasion, volcanic.

Owing to the success of his production of "A Butterfly on the Wheel," at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, Lewis Waller announces that he has determined to enter the managerial field here on a larger scale. His attractions for next year, as planned at present, will include two companies in "A Butterfly on the Wheel"; two new comedy productions; and a somewhat ambitious presentation, presumably "Henry V," in which he will star himself. With this purpose in view, he has postponed his Australian tour set for next year until the succeeding season.

Charles Frohman has procured three new plays for production here between now and September. The first is a new comedy by Sir A. W. Pinero, called "The-Mind-the-Paint-Girl." The heroine of this piece, a music-hall singer, will be played in London by Marie Löhr. The second piece is "The Spy," an English version of "La Flambée." The third play is the "Bella Donna" of Mr. Hichens, in which Mrs. Campbell and Sir George Alexander have won success in London.

"Peter Pan" has reached its nine hundredth performance and "The Blue Bird" its six hundredth at the Queen's Theatre, London.

Some of the leading citizens of Pittsfield, Mass., being dissatisfied with the commercial management of the principal theatre in the town, have bought the house with the avowed purpose of conducting it upon lines more worthy of intelligent public support.

"Milestones," a new play by Edward Knoblauch, will be produced in London next month by J. E. Vedrenne.

A Chinese play entitled "Turandot," composed by Dr. Volmoeller, author of "The Miracle," has just been produced in Berlin by Professor Reinhardt. Sir George Alexander has procured the English rights. It recalls in a distant way the episode of the casket scene in "The Merchant of Venice." A beautiful Chinese princess has publicly announced that whosoever shall guess a certain riddle shall become her consort The penalty of failure is death, and a row of grinning heads leaves no doubt that the princess is in deadly earnest. Womanlike, however, she claims the privilege of changing her mind, and when the lucky man who has succeeded in guessing the riddle demands the reward of his astuteness she turns disdainfully from him. The ladies of her court are more discerning, and every opportunity is afforded the newcomer of consoling himself elsewhere. The sequel may be guessed. "Turandot" is rich in spectacle and in action, and the Chinese costumes and scenery make a delightful picture.

Music

Mr. Gatti-Casazza is ready to submit his third operatic novelty of the season to the patrons of the Metropolitan Opera House on Saturday afternoon. It is Leo Blech's "Versiegelt" ("Sealed Up"), and lasts only fifty minutes.

The reëngagement for three more years of Giulio Gatti-Casazza and Arturo Toscanini as manager and chief conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House also gives cause for sincere congratulations. These two men have worked important reforms by introducing here, as far as possible, the way of presenting operas which prevails in Milan, where they formerly presided. The Milan plan consists in giving only seven or eight operas each season, but not putting those on the stage until after the most thorough rehearsing. In New York such rehearsing has not been practicable in case of all the operas, because the repertory is necessarily much larger, but it has been applied as far as possible. Italian and German operas have, in the main, fared well; but owing to an apparent prejudice of the manager and his chief, French opera has been treated in a reprehensibly shabby manner. "Carmen," which, with a star cast, would be sure of eight or ten crowded audiences, has been dropped entirely, and the equally popular "Faust" is pitchforked on the stage with scant rehearsal and only one or two good singers. The centenary of Ambroise Thomas should have suggested the revival of his "Mignon," for which an ideal cast was available; but nothing has been done, for no apparent reason except the prejudice referred to.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, which has long been "permanent," thanks to the million set aside for it by Henry Lee Higginson in 1881, also makes a tour of Eastern cities once a month, while the New York Symphony, the Russian Symphony, and the Philadelphia and Theodore Thomas orchestras travel likewise, so that many of our cities are now tolerably well supplied. Probably most of the patrons of the Boston Orchestra's concerts were glad to read the announcement made a few days ago that Dr. Muck will return to Boston as its conductor next season. Mr. Fiedler, who followed him for a few years, is a good drill-master, but he lacks emotional force and poetic refinement, and his programmes have often been uninteresting and ill-constructed.

A letter written in 1889 by Theodore Thomas and printed on pp. 344-5 of the Memoirs recently brought out by his widow, gives a vivid account of the difficulties a conductor has to contend with when his orchestra is not "permanent"; that is, when its members meet only occasionally for rehearsal, playing in the meantime under all sorts of conditions and conductors, in cafés and dance halls. "When they come back to me after a short interval," he concludes, "it always takes half of the first rehearsal before they realize the proportions and proper conditions again." On one particular occasion "it was a terrible fight—over a hundred men of ability, trying for something, and one man beating the stand, shouting at the top of his lungs, scolding, entreating, etc., and finally taking out his watch to show them that all this had taken an hour." It was not till he got to Chicago that Thomas had a permanent orchestra. The New York Philharmonic, of which he was the leader for a number of years, became permanent only two years ago, when a large fund was collected to make it possible to procure a hundred first-class players who are not allowed, during the season, to play except with their regular conductor. This was, to be sure, a most expensive arrangement, and there was no certainty that the orchestra, as reorganized, would be "permanent" more than three years; but the gift of half a million at the critical moment by the late Joseph Pulitzer removed that uncertainty. It is not New York alone that is benefited by this generous legacy. With its reorganization, the Philharmonic adopted the policy (originated by Theodore Thomas with his private orchestra) of going on the road occasionally. Under its new and aggressive manager, Loudon Charlton, the Philharmonic gave fifteen concerts last year in other cities. This year the number has been doubled. Altogether the orchestra is giving eighty-five concerts this season, against sixty-five last, and forty-five the season before. The second trip, during the last two weeks of March, will extend as far west as the Missouri River. The reëlection of Josef Stransky for three more years, moreover, ensures the Philharmonic patrons performances of varied programmes that will be thoroughly enjoyable.

The telephone is now employed by organ builders for tuning purposes. The *Diapason*, a Chicago periodical devoted to the organ, refers to the fact that in many of the instruments of a prominent American builder, telephone transmitters are fixed permanently above the pitch octave in the diapason department, and the whole organ is so wired that wherever the tuner may happen to be working he can, by pushing in a convenient plug, hear through the little telephone attached to his head the exact pitch of the diapason pipes.

Munich will, as usual, have its Mozart and

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Wagner festivals next August and September.

The rules have been issued of an international musical contest organized by the Council of the City of Paris and the County of the Seine under the patronage of the French Government. The contest will take place in Paris on May 26, 27, and 28 next. The days will be occupied as follows: May 26, instrument contest; May 27, choral contest, and May 28 festival concert.

Art

FROM REYNOLDS TO ABBEY.

LONDON, January 1.

The Royal Academy has been organizing winter exhibitions of old masters for almost half a century, and still manages to make them interesting, though this year the interest centres upon the work of Reynolds, the Academy's first president, and of Abbey, who receives the tribute paid by Academicians to members dying within the year, and has a special show of his own.

Of the rest of the collection there is little to be said that has not been said before. Many paintings have no particular merit except the chance they give to critics for ingenious argument in attributing them to anybody save the painters whose names appear in the catalogue; many are already known, or are by masters of whom they do not suggest anything new to add to the much already written. There are several Rembrandts, none of the larger and more important, but two or three very beautiful and characteristic, especially a small interior—The Cradle—with figures gathered round a light emerging from the mysterious shadows, and a Portrait of a Man, put in simply, with broad, direct touches. There is a portrait of a Spanish nobleman, dignified and refined, but with hardly the technical mark of Velasquez for whom it is now claimed. There are a few Van Dycks, the most striking a portrait of Sir Kenelm Digby, with a huge sunflower at his side: striking, however, chiefly as a curious biographical record. There are examples of the various Italian schools, not one standing out more powerfully than a Music Party, by Caravaggio, a wonderfully well observed and vigorously expressed study of three men, and an eloquent reminder of the small appreciation hitherto accorded to that great master. And there are other pictures here and there that should be mentioned in passing: Among the British pictures, I should at least refer to the Portrait of Thomas Simon, by William Dobson, of whom, as of Caravaggio, far too little has been heard; to the group of Hogarths, if only to regret that most of them should appear with his name attached; to the landscapes by Wilson and Turner, though not their most distinguished. But, when all is said and even if other names should be added to this list, there is no question that the chief interest of the exhibition is in the important series by Reynolds and Abbey.

The first gallery has been devoted entirely to Reynolds. The collection includes only twenty-two paintings, but almost all can be ranked among the finest examples of his art. An exception is the Portrait of Dr. Johnson which the catalogue describes as "a repetition of the one painted for Henry Thrale and now in the National Gallery"; "a copy" will occur to most people as a better description, though it is said to have been done for Topham Beauclerc, and seems to have a genuine pedigree. Reynolds, however, was not without assistants and pupils in his studio. On the other hand, he never painted anything more splendid in color and design than the portrait of himself, seated, wearing rich red official robes, and so noble a figure that the bust of Michael Angelo, the only detail he added to a composition whose great beauty was in its simplicity, is felt not to be in unworthy company. There are other portraits of only lesser note, but my attention was more particularly drawn to the series of eight long narrow panels, the original designs for the west window of the Chapel of New College, Oxford, which I have never seen before—which have never been shown before at the Royal Academy, as far as I can remember, during the last quarter of a century. Reynolds was often decorative in his portraits, but seldom in his successful career as portrait painter did he have time for purely decorative work. His subjects for the series are Faith, Hope, Charity, Temperance, Justice, Fortitude, Prudence, and, in the eighth, the Nativity, with himself and Thomas Jervais, who executed the design in glass, posing as shepherds. There is nothing in the originals to suggest the medium in which they were intended to be carried out; they are not the cartoons to which the modern designers of stained glass have accustomed us at the Arts-and-Crafts and similar exhibitions, but elaborate and finished paintings—and fortunately they have not, like many Reynoldses, suffered from time or injudicious restoration. I have not seen the window for many years, but, as I remember it, the color struck me as rather weak and washed out. If so, this must have been the fault of Jervais, for in the originals the color is rich and sumptuous. The figures, admirably placed in the panels, are full of grace and dignity—the allegory is unobtrusive, the lines rhythmical, and you wonder, as you look, if Reynolds, had the opportunity offered, could not have rivalled the great Venetians as a decorative painter. The only drawback to pleasure in the series comes from the unintelligent hanging at the Academy. The walls are not overcrowded as in the summer exhibitions. There is plenty of space to give each picture the margin round it, which it demands. But the decoration of the walls ruins the whole scheme of hanging in the Reynolds room. These walls are red, with a gray frieze, so low that the dividing line between the two colors is passed by the long upright panels. The result is restlessness, which is the more unpardonable because it would have been so simple to add the necessary few inches of red and make this line help to frame in the paintings and form part of the arrangement.

But it is when you come to the four galleries devoted to Abbey that it is most difficult to forgive the hanging. That the effort has been made to honor Abbey by getting together a representative collection of his work is plain: there are drawings of almost every period, water-colors, pastels, paintings, studies for his large mural decorations. But it is plainer still that, by the arrangement, the least possible has been made of the collection, and that it will detract from rather than add to his reputation. The galleries are hung like an auction-room, more particularly the two filled, or almost filled, with drawings. In one there is that discordant and tedious invention, a screen for the overflow from the walls; in the other a few paintings and studies in color are included, but with so little care for appropriateness and effect that you might think the gallery a room at Christie's. In both, the frames seem to jostle each other, they fit in so tight, and there is no idea of symmetry of line or harmony of balance. Only the series of illustrations for "She Stoops to Conquer" tells with anything like effect, and this is because a group, or an attempt to form a group, has been made, and a space somewhat apart from the others reserved for it.

Without the help of the exhibition our generation would realize the enormous influence Abbey has had on illustrators, not only in his own but in almost every country of Europe. He was always a master of pen-and-ink; the few designs in wash now on the walls show how much less successful he was when he worked with a brush. He had real feeling for line, he knew better almost than any draughtsman what technically could be done, what avoided, with his medium. He was also sensitive to the charm of grace and graciousness in a pretty woman, of picturesqueness in an old building or an old bit of furniture. He was conscientious, and was known to travel from one end of Europe to the other for a background or a costume. And of this you are conscious in the illustrations for the Old English Songs and for the Goldsmith, which are here. They are full of life, full of observation. Seriousness, care, and truth are the foundation of that more superficial

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charm which is all his innumerable following have managed to imitate. But when you turn to the later Shakespeare series, you cannot help feeling that gradually Abbey looked to the tale or the verses less for the drama and movement and meaning than for the figures his models could pose for, that his observation was more for detail in itself than in its relation to his theme. His men and women are doing nothing, they are posing; his architecture, beautifully drawn as it usually is, was evidently studied apart from the scene of which it is the background. Everything is correct, but lifeless. The change may not be so apparent in the comedies, for they gave him the subjects with which he was most in sympathy—motives that suited his light, graceful, and dainty method. But it is only too evident in the tragedies which, if they alone survived, would hardly justify to future generations his fame as illustrator. And yet, with careful hanging, I have no doubt that Abbey's comparative failures could now at the Academy have been overshadowed by his great achievement in the illustrations of his finest period.

This preoccupation with the model and detail is more apparent in his paintings than in his drawings. Not so much in some of the earlier watercolors that have the same unity, the same vivacity as the illustrations for "She Stoops to Conquer"; nor even in a somewhat later picture, like The Pavane, dated 1897, where the figures moving in the stately measure of the dance, against an embroidered curtain worked out with the patient elaboration of the Pre-Raphaelites, are so essentially parts of the pictorial pattern that, despite the minute study of detail, you forget the model and the studio altogether. But you cannot forget them in some of the more ambitious subjects—Hamlet, The Trial of Queen Katharine, Lear and Cordelia. These are hung in the Central Hall, with the Crusaders Sighting Jerusalem and the Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Ann, this last by far the best in the painting of detail, in the grouping, in the arrangement of color. The effect of the five seen together is unexpectedly dull and perfunctory. The lighting may be one cause of this, and the hanging another. Certainly, the color seemed to me more brilliant when I saw the same canvases in the different summer exhibitions of the Academy to which they were first sent. But the fault lies also to some extent with the painter's treatment of the subject. In each his motive was pictorial anecdote, to which there can be no legitimate objection, if it is treated pictorially. What were some of the masterpieces of Veronese and Tintoretto, of Rembrandt and Velasquez but pictorial anecdote? Abbey, however, does not give the anecdote as a pictorial whole, throbbing with life and color, told in rhythmical lines and well-balanced spaces. You see the models posing, the studio properties being built up. True, he succeeded infinitely better than the younger men, like Frank Craig, Cadogan, Cowper, and the others, of whom he has been the inspiration and who now reap the laurels that should have fallen to him. True, you have only to go to the Royal Exchange to understand how much more decorative he is in composition, after all, than any of the British painters who have covered its walls, including Brangwyn and only excepting Leighton. But compare him to the Frenchmen who do these huge decorative *machines*, to Jean-Paul Laurens, or Gervais, for instance, and you are forced to admit that Abbey had not the knowledge or the power to compete with masters of the craft. Or go no further than the Caravaggio in the same exhibition, and you will understand the difference between the painter's spirited rendering of men as he sees them actually busy about their own work, and the patient study of models posing. Or, again, take the pictures of Baron Leys, who undoubtedly was Abbey's master: the people in them are real people and are all occupied with their respective tasks or amusements, not merely hired models sitting or standing in the desired pose. And, in this connection, it is suggestive to contrast Menzel's official pictures at Berlin, in which real ceremonies are being conducted before your eyes, with Abbey's Coronation of King Edward VII, the most important canvas in the collection: not a royal commission, but done for Messrs. Agnew, primarily for reproduction, and now the property of King George. Here Abbey had as subject a tremendous pageant and tremendous space in which to deal with it. It, too, was pictorial anecdote in its fashion, and the King and Queen the chief actors. But what do you see when you look at the great canvas? The first things your eyes fall upon are the armorial bearings that decorate the stonework above the central group. Then, with much trouble, searching through the confused mass of figures, the King is discovered on his throne. Whatever may be said of the late King, it cannot be denied that he was a man of distinct character in appearance and the right appreciation of his importance as a royal and imperial figurehead. Here he is as sleek and slim and insignificant as a tailor's dummy. But for the many familiar portraits and photographs of Queen Alexandria, she might not be discovered at all. Those who have been present at either of the recent Coronations at Westminster will tell you that the pageant was so skilfully arranged as to leave the King and Queen the prominent actors throughout. In Abbey's version they are the least prominent.

I saw nothing of Abbey's mural decorations, as the only records of them at the Academy are small studies for part of the Pittsburgh series. The pastels I thought so amazingly brilliant when I first saw them, here strike me as dingy and disappointing, but I am sure that for this impression the hanging is responsible. It may be because the critics have made no allowance for the hanging that, so far, they have shown little appreciation in their notices, though it may also be because they do not regret the chance of slighting the Royal Academician who, it happens, was an American. The liberality of the Academy in admitting Americans as members is often praised, but not invariably appreciated, at least in England. The present treatment of Abbey is a case in point, while it is curious to note the tendency of late to belittle even Sargent in favor of smaller men who have learned everything they know from him.

N. N.

Meissonier and Puvis de Chavannes will be added shortly by Stokes to the Masterpieces in Color series, and De Hooch and Vermeer to the Painters' series. The same house has in hand Ernest F. Fenollosa's "Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art."

The exhibition of paintings by Walter Greaves at the Goupil Gallery in London last May was the signal for a very Donnybrook fair for critics. That anything connected with the personality of Whistler should be the occasion of a fight is not surprising. Mr. Greaves, who has already reached his three-score years and ten, was a pupil of Whistler's, and not known even as that. Then suddenly he is discovered, exhibited, interviewed, his art written up for all it's worth, and written down for less than nothing. Acclaim and execration fell in one sudden douche upon his "top-hat and rusty frock coat." He was naturally surprised, not to say bewildered. Mr. Marchant's exhibition has been transported by Cottier & Co. to New York, and is now on view at No. 3 East Fortieth Street, where it is to hang for a month. There are thirty-nine oil paintings, including half a dozen portraits, and a group of thirty-odd drawings, the latter the work of Mr. Greaves and his brother Henry, done in collaboration.

The visitors to the exhibition here, and in all likelihood they will be many, may very well feel that though Mr. Greaves was a pupil of Whistler, he should not have been; or at any rate that he should not have remained so for so long a time. This thought will arise in respect to the product and quite aside from any question of personal relationship and loyalty. A pupil who had so little in common temperamentally with his master would not be expected to tolerate him so patiently. If, in the matter of personality, this gentleness, not to say meekness, suggests an attractive amiability of character, it spells, in the matter of authentic artistic impulse, something very like an indictment of weakness. Walter Greaves did not, indeed, need the impulse from Whistler to catch the contagion of oils and canvas. Before that and before his majority he was a painter, as witness the

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Boat Race Day, Hammersmith Bridge, a canvas which we should weigh against all the remainder. For the novice who produced this captivating crowd, a more ill-adjusted influence than Whistler's can hardly be imagined. Doubtless the association with the facile master was an inestimable privilege, and certainly some inspiriting guidance was needed for a season of strengthening aid. But Whistler was the man to duck him, not to teach him to swim. In the dispute as to the indebtedness of master and pupil, some of the sponsors for this Chelsea artist suggest, quite as much by innuendo as by direct statement, that the facts of the master's attitude, patronizing, overbearing at times, indicate a deliberate submerging of the younger man. This is not the sense in which we intend the word. It was Whistler's art, rather than Whistler's oracularity, that tyrannized over Mr. Greaves. And for this he has to blame himself, or, it may seem more just to say, the measure with which the gods doled out his talents.

Frederick Wedmore, the art critic, was knighted at New Year.

Miss Emma Barbee Shields, the portrait painter, died in New York on Sunday, at the age of forty-eight. She organized the American Association of Allied Arts, and later the Lewis Nathaniel Shields Art Club.

The report comes from Munich of the death, in his eighty-seventh year, of Ludwig Voltz, the well-known painter of horses and hunting scenes, and also an illustrator.

Finance

THE EQUITABLE FIRE.

The burning of the Equitable Life building, in the heart of the Wall Street district, on Tuesday morning of last week, and the burying under its ruins of securities owned by many hundreds of different people, and estimated in value all the way from five hundred million to a billion dollars, was an incident which throws an instructive sidelight on finance from the mere fact that it caused so little financial commotion. When Wall Street first learned what had happened, there were several more or less sensational possibilities which tentatively appealed to its imagination. The stock market might be panic-stricken over the chance that all these securities had been destroyed. It might fall into fright, regardless of that possibility, over the question of what would happen to firms or individuals who had contracted to deliver, on Tuesday or Wednesday, securities to which their owners could get no access for at least a week. Or it might fall victim to misgiving and doubt over what an unreasonably frightened "outside public" and an unscrupulous Stock Exchange "bear party" would do.

As a matter of fact, the market did not indulge in fright at all. It reasoned immediately, first that securities in a modern fireproof vault were put there because they could not, in that vault, be destroyed by fire; secondly, that the Stock Exchange, or, if necessary, the courts, would see to it that no unreasonable enforcement of contracts for delivery was applied; thirdly, that even if the outside public did fall into fright, it was considerably less able to throw its securities on the market, with the vaults of the Equitable sealed, than it would have been before the fire.

The Stock Exchange governing committee had to take action first, in the matter of deliveries by brokers whose securities were locked up under the Equitable ruins. By the rules of the Exchange, a sale of stocks or bonds made one day on the floor must be completed on the next day by delivery of the actual securities to the buyer. What the committee did last week was interesting in that it fixed a new precedent for the New York Stock Exchange, and perhaps for any other exchange. The ruling the first day suspended all of the day's deliveries except by mutual consent; the second day it suspended deliveries "by all parties directly or indirectly affected by the Equitable fire." In itself such arbitrary action is not unusual. At the height of the panic of 1873, the governing committee closed the Stock Exchange for ten days, and similar action was taken by the Pittsburgh Stock Exchange in 1907. In many Western cities, during the panic of four years ago, the Legislatures declared special holidays to prevent enforcement of contracts, and that was also the action taken during the San Francisco fire of April, 1906, when the problem of buried securities was much what it was in New York last week. Again, the London Stock Exchange governors, at that institution's fortnightly settlement following our Northern Pacific corner of May 9, 1901, suspended the "buying in" of Northern Pacific stock against default in delivery, and fixed an arbitrary "carry-over" price.

In its circumstances the San Francisco episode provides an interesting analogy. The destructive earthquake occurred on April 18, at five o'clock in the morning. Four hours later the San Francisco Clearing House held a meeting and decided to close the banks that day. By two o'clock in the afternoon, the fire was sweeping through the whole banking district, without check.

When the Clearing House next met in a private residence on April 23—five days after the earthquake—the declaration of legal holidays from day to day had already begun; that being the only means whereby banks could get their affairs into shape to pay depositors and meet their other obligations, and, furthermore, the only manner in which the business houses and individuals—all of whose securities and money were locked up in the vaults under the ruined city—could postpone maturing debts. The San Francisco Stock Exchange had closed; only the United States Mint resumed operations.

On April 25, a week after the fire, business began to revive. By that time the banks had established temporary offices in residences, and, in order to relieve the needs of people who were without ready money, a temporary bank, known as the Clearing-House Bank, was established in the office of the Mint. The respective banks made deposits with the Clearing-House Bank by means of Eastern transfers through the Mint. Beginning May 1, advances were made to depositors by means of warrants payable at the Clearing-House Bank to the debit of the respective banks, these payments being limited to $500 to any one customer. Two days later, on May 3, the banks opened credit accounts; and on May 7 it was arranged to have a daily clearing of special checks, and the limit of $500 was removed in regard to payrolls, freight, taxes, etc.

From that time to May 19 banks did a large business in the so-called special accounts, and before the 19th, when at last a Clearing-House settlement was made of all old checks deposited up to the evening of April 17, virtually all restrictions had been removed, and customers were furnished with whatever facilities were needed. On May 21 a Clearing-House settlement was made of all checks deposited or received during the period when embargo existed on banking transactions, and on May 23, five weeks after the fire, the Clearing House formally opened for business. But the special holidays did not end until June 2, after continuing forty-five successive days.

A question of particular interest, bearing on last week's New York episode, is this: When were the great safe-deposit vaults of San Francisco opened, and what was the condition of their contents, after the white heat of a blazing city had for two whole days surrounded them? People who were on the spot at the time recalled, last week, that the vaults were opened ten days or so after the conflagration had entirely ceased, and that the contents of every modern fireproof vault in the business district of San Francisco were found to be uninjured.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abraham, J. J. The Surgeon's Log. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Agnew, Joseph. Life's Christ Places. Scribner.

Alexander, J. The Truth About Egypt. Cassell. $2 net.

Applin, Arthur. The Stories of the Russian Ballet. Lane. $3.50 net.

A Reply to an Attack Made by One of Whistler's Biographers on a Pupil of Whistler, Mr. Walter Greaves, and His Works. London: William Marchant & Co.

Arnold, Matthew. Thoughts on Education. Selections, edited by Leonard Huxley. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Baker, Mrs. Hebron. The Wynastons. Broadway. $1.50.

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Baldwin, J. M. Thought and Things. Vol. III, Interest and Art: Being Real Logic. I, Genetic Epistemology. Macmillan. $2.75 net.
Bindloss, H. Vane of the Timberlands. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Birukoff, Paul. The Life of Tolstoy. Cassell. $1.50 net.
Blair, E. H. Indian Tribes of the Upper Mississippi and the Great Lakes Regions. 2 vols. Cleveland, O.: A. H. Clark Co.
Briggs, E. P. Fifty Years on the Road: Autobiography of a Salesman. Kansas City, Mo.: The Author. $1.
Bryan, G. H. Stability in Aviation. Macmillan. $2 net.
Bürgel, B. H. Astronomy for All. Translated by S. Bloch. Cassell. $3 net.
Carpenter, Rt. Rev. W. Boyd. Some Pages of My Life. Scribner.
Casson, H. N. Ads. and Sales. Chicago; McClurg. $2 net.
Child, F. S. A Country Parish. Boston: Pilgrim Press.
Clark, J. B. "Blue Sky," The Life of Harriet Caswell-Broad. Boston: Pilgrim Press.
Clayton, Joseph. The Rise of the Democracy. Cassell.
Coolidge, F. J. The Little Brown Sandals. Broadway. 75 cents.
Craig, E. G. On the Art of the Theatre. Chicago: Browne's Bookstore. $2 net.
Craufurd, A. H. The Religion and Ethics of Tolstoy. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Curtis, W. A. A History of Creeds and Confessions of Faith. Scribner.
Dale, J. T. Heroes and Greathearts, and Their Animal Friends. Heath.
Deeping, Warwick. Joan of the Towers. Cassell. $1.20 net.
Dewar, Douglas. Jungle Folk: Indian Natural History. Lane. $4 net.
Douglass, T. O. The Pilgrims of Iowa. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $2 net.
Doyle, Edward. Ginevra: A Play of Mediæval Florence. Doyle & Co. $1.
Edmunds, E. W., and Hoblyn, J. B. The Story of the Five Elements. Cassell.
Encyclopædia Britannica. Eleventh edition, Vol. 29, Index.
Eucken, R. Life's Basis and Life's Ideal. Translated by A. G. Widgery. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Fraser, J. F. The Land of Veiled Women. Cassell. $1.75 net.
Gallatin, A. E. Whistler's Pastels and Other Modern Profiles. Lane. $2.50 net.
Gardner, E. G. The Painters of the School of Ferrara. Scribner.
Graves, C. L. Post-Victorian Music. Macmillan. $2 net.
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Hogg. A. G. Christ's Message of the Kingdom. Scribner.
Hunt, M. L. Thomas Dekker; A Study. (Col. Univ.). Lemcke & Buechner. $1.25 net.
Hutton, W. H. A Disciple's Religion. Scribner.
Immortality. The Letters of Edward Dundas and John Eliot. Broadway. 50 cents.
Ingram, C. W. Southern Symphonies. Broadway. $1.25.
Jackson, H. E. Great Pictures as Moral Teachers. Philadelphia: Winston Co. $1.50.
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Nevill, Ralph. Floreat Etona. Macmillan. $5 net.
Nüchter, Friedrich. Albrecht Dürer. Trans. from the German by L. D. Williams. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
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Pryce, R. Christopher. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
Ray, A. C. The Brentons. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25 net.
Raze, F. D. The Home of the Wild Rose, and Other Poems. Anamoosa, N. D.: The Author.
Ross, J. D. Sixty Years: Life and Adventure in the Far East. 2 vols. Dutton.
Sanborn, Kate. Hunting Indians in a Taxi-Cab. Boston: Badger.
Sedgwick, A. D. Tante. Century. $1.30 net.
Sentenach, N. The Painters of the School of Seville. Scribner.
Shakespeare. Tudor edition. Tragedy of Macbeth, edited by A. C. L. Brown; Merchant of Venice, edited by H. M. Ayres. Macmillan. 35 cents each.
Smith, N. D. The Cave: A Comedy in Three Acts; The Woman's Masquerade: Comedy in One Act. Broadway. 75 cents.
Stidger, W. L. The Lincoln Book of Poems. Boston: Badger.
Stratton, G. M. Psychology of the Religious Life. Macmillan. $2.75 net.
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Walsh, J. J. Old-Time Makers of Medicine. Fordham University Press. $2 net.
Who's Who. 1912. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Williams, E. F. The Life of Dr. D. K. Pearsons. Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.
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